THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

VOL. XI. M. M. BALLOU, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856. TERMS, $2 00 PER ANNUM 5 CENTS SINGLE. No. 31.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GOLD FIEND:

—OR,—

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH-STONE.

A Story of Boston and New York.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

STAGECOACH AND STEAMBOAT.

Bright and early on the following morning, in the cool gray dawn of a September day, a knocking at the street door roused young Milford from his slumbers. He was dressed in a few moments and ready with his trunk, for the summons came from the stage agent, who was waiting in a gig to drive him to the office. With a hurried adieu and a parting kiss to his mother, he was off, and rattling through the narrow streets, was speedily landed at Elm Street.

The stage was already full, and when Milford's trunk was added to the pile of baggage on the rack, the time for starting had arrived. Zephaniah Sandwich was on hand with his eternal cigar, and shook hands with our hero.

"Up with you!" said he. "We'll go as deck passengers." And the two companions were soon seated side by side on the roof of the coach.

Four spanking bays were champing their bits and pawing the pavement, impatient to be off. A hostler had the leaders by the heads, and was soothing them with some remarks in the language of horse talk. Presently the driver made his appearance—a bulky, waddling individual, with a professional tie to his red neckcloth and a broad-brimmed white hat on his bronzed brow. Before mounting to his box, he critically surveyed traces, harnesses and straps, and then gathering up the bundle of reins in his left hand, climbed deliberately to his seat, dividing and sorting the "lines," as he settled himself and uncoiled the long lash from the wooden stock of his whip.

"Now then, Sammy," said the charioteer, "all right—let 'em go."

The hostler dropped his hold, stepped back and contemplated the team in speechless admiration, as the long lash whistled through the air and finished its performance by exploding like a Chinese fire-cracker over the heads of the leaders, while the spirited nags dashed a shower of sparks from the pavement, as they sprang through the narrow street and turned the corner like racers at the start.

The freshness of the morning air, the exhilarating motion, the dance of the young blood in his veins, soon dispelled the cloud which had settled on Matthew's heart at leaving home for the first time. Away—away—past many a familiar building—the old State House, Boylston Market, the green stores by South Boston bridge, the scattered houses on the Neck—they rattled at a slashing pace. The stones of Roxbury rang and sparkled under the horses' feet, and Milford, just as the turnpike curved, glanced back a farewell at the roofs and spires of his native city. Who can tell, when he commences a career of adventure, how long it may be, what vicissitudes he may encounter, before he returns to his starting point?

But it was no time for regrets, doubts or fears. Up hill and down hill the gallant horses speed.

"On the hill they will not tire,
Swifter as it waxes higher."

Down the slope and across the level ground they dash at a gallop. Ten miles an hour, including stoppages!

"This is fine!" said Mat to his companion.

"Ratherish," was the reply. "But if you'd been over the road as often as I luv—you'd frit it rayther dull music."

But to our young adventurer there was not a dull moment in the drive. At last they stopped at Dedham to change horses, and while Zeph and the driver, after a telegraphic communication, walked into the hotel for some mysterious purpose, accompanied by some of the inside passengers, Mat walked about in the stable yard, returning to the piazza just as the relay was put to.

As he looked on, interested in all he saw, and anticipating nothing but pleasure and good fortune in the future, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He turned suddenly, and saw before him the angular figure and the too well remembered countenance of Griffin. An undefined fear drove back the blood from his heart and blanched his cheek.

"A fine morning, sir," said the usurer, eyeing him very keenly as he spoke.

"Beautiful," said Matthew.

"Are you going to New York, or only to Providence?" inquired the man, coldly.

"To New York," answered Matthew.

"On the Saldanha—or the opposition boat, the Spitfire?"

"The regular line, sir."

"So am I. It's the safest boat. I beg your pardon, but your countenance strikes me as familiar, though I can't call your name. I am confident I have met you somewhere. Your name I think is—"

"Stage ready!" said the driver, cutting short the reply.

"Your name you said was—" pursued the usurer.

"Come, jump up, or you'll be left behind," said Sandwich, speaking through a cloud of cigar smoke.

They climbed again to the roof, while the coach door was closed on Griffin and the other insiders with a bang, and the stage rattled away again.

"Do you know that feller?" asked Sandwich.

"I have seen him," replied Matthew, all of whose pleasure had been destroyed by the encounter.

"Know much about him?"

"No."

"I do."

Matthew was silent, but his companion did not wait to be questioned respecting his information. He proceeded:

"I—ah, he's a hard ticket! But the critter understands the most noble of the sciences—the art of making money. Place him in the desert of Sayhairy and he'd make money out of the rocks and sand—mind I tell you. Speculates in real estate—shaves notes—does anything for a dishonest livin'. And he's his own lawyer—sharp as a cross-cut saw! A man had better put his hand between a pair of cog-wheels than get into his clutches. Why, he'd skin a feller alive—and all legally, you understand! It's perfectly beautiful, I tell you."

Matthew had his own reasons for not wishing to pursue this theme, for all he heard increased his dread of the worshipper of Mammon. So he speedily changed the topic of conversation, and tried, though vainly, to interest himself in the objects and places they were hurrying by.

In due time, they reached the pier at Providence, leading a line of stages all heavily freighted with passengers and baggage, and halted alongside of the huge steamer, whose roaring valves and vibrating paddles announced her readiness to start. Close at hand was another steamer, dressed up with flaunting flags, in an equal state of preparation. These boats were the Saldanha and the Spitfire—the first the regular liner, and the second an opposition steamer started by speculators. The Spitfire took passengers for half price. The deadliest animosity raged between the managers and employees of the two rival boats, and the feeling had communicated itself to the patrons of the respective lines.

The passengers and baggage were hurried on board the boats with furious haste, and their main decks presented a chaotic scene of perspiring negroes, jostling trunks, frantic deckhands, frightened passengers, and swearing drivers and hackmen. The bells of the rival boats rang at the same time in jangling tones, and there was a tremendous uproar of bawling, splashing and stamping. The Spitfire was the first to get away, and bounded off like a steed from the judge's stand, amidst three thundering cheers from her partisans upon the pier. She led off in gallant style, sweeping into the channel and leaving a broad boiling wake behind her.

Captain Bulkey of the Saldanha was frantic at the delay. But at last his boat was off, and he stood by the wheel-house waving his hand to the cheering multitude of his backers on the shore. The huge paddle-wheels pawed the water into a foam, and the strong structure shook with the strokes of the ponderous engine. Matthew forgot his troubles for a moment in the interest and excitement of the scene.

"I hope, sir," said an old lady who stood near Milford and his companion, "they don't believe in racing on this boat?"

"Lor, no ma'am!" said Sandwich. "The engine is fixed so the cap'n couldn't race if he wanted. It's one of the patent low pressure stub-and-twist combination safety-valve reduction engines, invented by a Methodist minister whose family was blown up on the Mississippi, and warranted never to cut in the eye."

"Well, I'm proper glad of that," said the old lady. "I had thought of going on t'other boat, on account of the price."

"It's my opinion you've escaped a watery grave, ma'am," said Sandwich.

With this remark, he walked forward to the captain.

"Cap'n," said he, pointing to the opposite boat, "do you see how that ere craft leads you?"

"I do," answered the captain.

"Well, sir," said the Yankee, "I don't mean to suggest anything, but if I was you, I'd beat her or bust my biler."

"Don't be concerned," said the captain, with a grim smile. "Though my owners strictly forbid racing, they have no objection to a trial of speed."

In a moment more, the Saldanha was fast gaining on her rival. Black masses of smoke belching from her chimney gave token of unusual activity in the furnace-room.

"Hurrah, Mat!" said Sandwich. "The rosin's beginning to tell on her. Jerusalem! how she walks!"

The noble boat trembled in every plank as she thundered through the waters. The passengers crowded to the starboard side and watched the enemy whose stern loomed larger and larger every minute. On the other hand, the crew and passengers of the Spitfire crowded to the port side of their straining craft and grimly noted the rapid approach of their rival. A few moments more and the Saldanha was abeam of her, but after this, for some minutes, she did not gain an inch. The frantic exertions of the captain and engineer of the Spitfire still kept her up to the mark.

"Neck and neck, cap'n," said Sandwich. "It's a dead heat. No, no! the Saldanha is poking her nose for'ard; she's gained a foot—a yard! More rosin, ye black sarpints down below there!"

A cheer burst from the people of the Saldanha. Captain Bulkey said nothing, but kept perfectly calm. Suddenly the bow of the Spitfire diverging from the line on which both boats had been running, veered round and menaced the starboard side of her victorious rival. A cry of alarm arose from the passengers on board of the Saldanha.

"Cap'n, cap'n, look out! or we're goners!"

"Back! back!" shouted Captain Bulkey.

"Sheer off, or—"

The captain of the Spitfire, to whom these words were addressed, standing at the open window of his pilot-house, answered not a word. Bulkey snatched a musket from his wheel-house and brought it to his shoulder. With a deep oath, he shouted:

"Change your course, or your steersman is a dead man!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LADY IN MOURNING. AN UNEXPECTED CATASTROPHE.

"Good on your head, cap'n," said Sandwich. "Range 'em both and fire!"

There was a moment, and but a moment of breathless alarm and indignation. All eyes were fixed on the captain and steersman of the Spitfire. Then the former turned to the latter who was seen to pull at the wheel convulsively. The bow of the Spitfire swung round to its former position, and the Saldanha passed her like a shot.

"Well done!" sang out Sandwich, throwing up his hat. "Hurray, cap'n, you gave 'em the real *E Pluribuster Unum* touch. We shall have 'em bull down before an hour. And now, Mat, let's go aft and enjoy the fine breeze. We wont talk of sea sickness till we reach Pint Judith, and that wont be for some time yet."

Young Milford followed him to a seat, but the excitement of the race being over, his fears now centered on a subject which had already given him great uneasiness. He dreaded every moment to see the dark and stern figure of Griffin approaching him—that figure associated with his father's suicide and shame.

But time wore on, and as he did not appear, Matthew began to feel easy once more.

"Passengers for Newport please look after their baggage!" shouted a sable African, as he tramped about the decks ringing a large bell.

Newport! They were then approaching that delightful old town. Matthew leaned over the railing and scanned the features of the variegated shores as they grew every moment more distinct, until the boat was made fast to the end of the wharf, and people began to pour in and out of the Saldanha.

There were several ladies among the new accessions to the passengers of the boat, and Milford scanned them carelessly as they tripped on board, until his attention was arrested by one particularly distinguished by her air and manner. She was dressed in deep mourning, but the mass of drapery she wore could not conceal the faultless contour of her figure, while her veil, lifted a moment by the sea breeze, disclosed one of those faces that once seen are never forgotten. Not only were her features regular, but they were strongly individualized. There was a slight curve in the lip, a slight dilation of the nostril, that bespoke the pride of conscious beauty and position, that did not ill suit with the regal brow and the glorious black eyes that shot their humid fires from beneath brows pencilled with delicate accuracy. You did not ask the age of this woman, nor reflect that with beauty so exquisitely matured, the very next step might be decay. Her walk alone, so graceful and dignified though elastic were her movements, would have attracted attention anywhere. She was accompanied by a female domestic whose beauty elsewhere might have been noticed, but who, beside her mistress, looked like a very ordinary person.

Even Sandwich, who was not very susceptible, could not help remarking:

"Rayther a tall specimen of the female woman, of the high falutin' order, Mat. Steps out like a soger on parade. What fetlocks—and springy as a Varmount fawn. That critter's jest naterally bound to go in and win in the biggest crowd that was ever scared up in a ball-room."

"She is indeed beautiful!" said Matthew, who had been regarding her from an artistic point of view.

"A widder, of course," said Sandwich, indulging his feet and legs with two or three cricketts, and contriving to sprawl over nearly the whole of a settee. "And see what quantities of baggage follow in her wake; her own—for she's giving directions about it—all marked, P. N. Pooty Nice, that stands for, I reckon. I'll find out the real meanin' of them letters afore I turn in this blessed night. Ef I thought it would pay," he continued, more to himself than to his companion, "I'd shin up to her. Of course there's lot of dandies hoverin' round her, but if I had a fair start the rest of the field would be nowhar. However, she's disappeared, while we've been talkin' about her—and inside of that door there'll be fifty bright eyes lookin' daggers at her in less 'n five minutes—and twenty-five tongues pickin' her looks to pieces—all out 'er spite and jealousy. Wall, on the strength of that, I reckon I'll go for'ard and smoke a cigar. Jine me?"

"I thank you," replied Matthew. "I prefer to remain here—and see the panorama of bay and shore."

"Wall, I aint happy without I'm movin' round, and talking with folks and findin' out their business, etc., pickin' up useful information," said the Yankee. "I'll be back bum by."

But Matthew was satisfied with the feast of beauty offered to his eyes. The town fading away in the distance, the shores gradually sinking as the bay widened, the distant lighthouses, the remote sails, the trading schooners that dashed by close at hand, the clouds with their playful shadows on the canvass and the water, all these had their attraction. After a time the motion of the boat increased, the bows lifting high on the swell, and plunging again with a swash in the weltering waters, while the air freshened to a stiff breeze, and was almost uncomfortably chilly. The change of temperature, the increase of motion, and the approach of night, drove the passengers one by one from the upper deck, until at last Milford was left quite alone.

After awhile, however, the lady in black, whose appearance had so much interested him, came on deck, unattended. She glided towards the stern of the boat with an elastic and steady step, and dropping into a chair, threw back her veil, and resting her head on her hand, gazed over the tumbling expanse of water to the far horizon. Her face was in perfect repose, and she was so absorbed in reverie that Matthew, himself unnoticed, was enabled to admire at his ease the classical purity of the outline of the lady's face.

She sat there for a long time as motionless as a statue. The perfect immobility of her features and her attitude contrasted strangely with the flutter of her garments which were ruffled rudely by the keen wind.

But the attention of Matthew was withdrawn from the lady by the appearance of a third person on the deck. This was no other than the money lender, whose presence revealed itself to Matthew, even before his eyes encountered him, by a sort of magnetic thrill, which betrayed the proximity of an antagonistic nature. Griffin, however, did not notice the young man. His eyes, deep set and piercing, were riveted on the unconscious features of the beautiful woman who sat gazing out over the water. Gliding towards her noiselessly, he sank into a seat so quietly that the lady was not aware of his proximity, till he addressed her with a casual remark about the weather.

A sudden start, as she turned her black eyes on him—a sudden flush of her haughty features, was followed by a cold inclination of the head, while she swept back her garments with a jewelled hand and a gesture unmistakably significant.

"It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you, madam," said the usurer.

The lady did not say that the pleasure was reciprocal. She merely remarked, coldly:

"I have been passing a few days at Newport."

"I have been very anxious to see you," said Griffin.

"On business of course, sir?"

The usurer bent towards her and spoke in a tone that rendered his words inaudible to Matthew. Not so was the reply of the lady. An angry flush suffused her face as she said:

"I have told you once before, sir, that language of this kind was inexpressibly distasteful to me. Once for all, I command you to desist from these importunities. And furthermore, sir, I beg to inform you that when I desire to see you, I shall send for you: and that I shall submit to no unsolicited intrusion on my privacy."

She turned away from him, and leaning her head on her hand, resumed her former contemplative attitude.

Matthew was so placed that he had a fair view of the countenance of the man to whom this significant rebuke had just been administered. It was deadly pale—while his clenched hands and quivering lips expressed intense excitement. But as the stern eyes of the usurer rested on the beautiful countenance before him, his expression changed gradually into a look of admiration, which was quite as disagreeable as his fell glance of anger. At this moment the supper bell rang. The unknown lady and her companion both rose. Griffin offered his arm, but she declined to take it, and sweeping past him with the air of a queen, crossed the deck alone and descended the stairs.

The former expression of rage and disappointment darkened the features of the usurer.

"This is well," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "But my time will come—proud woman. I have tamed haughtier natures than yours, in my day."

As he moved slowly across the deck, he became aware for the first time of the presence of Matthew, and halting, surveyed him from head to foot.

"So! eaves-dropping, Mr. Matthew Milford," said he. "You see you have not succeeded in preserving your incognito. Very well, sir. I shall remember this, and duly credit it to your account."

"I am yet to learn, sir," replied Matthew, haughtily, "that the deck of a public steamboat is not free to all the passengers."

"You should have left it when you saw me *tete-a-tete* with a lady, young man."

"I take no lessons in breeding from such as you," retorted Milford. "But I can give them. You should have left yourself when you found your presence was disagreeable."

"I thank you for the suggestion, young man," replied the usurer, with a sneer. "Your father's son must be an oracle on all points that involve the honor of a gentleman."

Matthew shrank from this home-thrust. A gleam of satisfaction at the success of his retort lighted up the face of the usurer, as, with a very ceremonious bow, he descended to the lower deck.

At the supper table, Griffin took care to place himself at a considerable distance from the ladies, but still not so far off as to prevent his scanning, with those bushlik eyes of his, every movement and expression of the lady in black.

At last the ladies retired, and the passengers one by one took possession of their berth. A few only here and there, yawned over books or papers. Milford was of the latter class. All at once a shadow fell upon his paper, and turning round, he saw the money-lender.

"You are going to New York to commence life," said he, "with a prospect of success."

"What my prospect may be, it matters not, sir," answered Matthew. "I shall endeavor to deserve success if I cannot command it."

"Your first step is to establish a reputation for probity."

"Of course."

"Now, young man," said the usurer, sitting

down and assuming a rather gracious air; "you are perfectly well aware that your father was indebted to me in the amount of one thousand dollars. Now, it strikes me, that it is incumbent on you, sir, to wipe off that debt."

"But I have no means, Mr. Griffin."

"You have youth, health and hope—capital enough. You'll make your way. Now I want your signature to a note for one thousand dollars only—value received—payable on demand."

Matthew hesitated.

"Don't you do it!" whispered a voice in his ear. He glanced quickly round and saw Sandwich's head, with his forefinger on his lips disappearing behind a pillar.

"Mr. Griffin," said Matthew, firmly, "I cannot tie my hands in this way. You have no right to make such terms to me."

"What! do you refuse?" cried Griffin, his face quivering with emotion. "Do you mean to say that—"

But he never uttered what was uppermost in his mind and on his lips, for at that moment, a cry the most appalling that can meet the ear was heard—at first, low and smothered, then repeated with clarion shrillness.

"Fire! fire!"

The usurer snatched up the paper he had spread before Matthew, and thrust it in his bosom.

"On deck!" whispered Sandwich, grasping his friend's arm. "Instantly—or we shall be trampled to death in the rush."

In a moment they stood on deck, now lighted by the reflection of lurid crimson flames that, blended with thick smoke, were bursting out amidships, and stretching their tongues, like those of serpents to the after part of the boat. The careless storage of some cotton had been attended by this fatal result. It is impossible to depict the wild scene of terror and confusion that ensued—the shrieks of women and children—the frantic cries of men. Some stout fellows wrung their hands and wailed like women. There were women on the other hand, who were calm and collected, ready to adopt any suggestion to secure their safety. A frantic rush aft to the boats was made by some of the crew of the steamer. But Captain Bulkey stood on his deck with a pistol in each hand, and with a voice that rose above the roaring of the flames, the dashing of the waves, and the shouts and cries of the passengers, threatened instant death to any one who should refuse to obey his orders and directions. One by one, the boats were launched, the captain designating what men should go in them, and how many they should carry. The utmost despatch was necessary. Matthew and the Yankee busied themselves in passing down women and children into the frail embarcations on which their safety depended.

They were preparing to spring into the last boat as it shoved off, when a piercing cry was heard on deck, and turning, they saw the lady whose beauty had attracted so much attention, standing beside her waiting maid, wringing her hands and imploring help.

"Take me first, captain," shouted the moneylender, suddenly pushing his way in front of the women, with a valise in his hand, the search for which had been the cause of his fatal delay.

"The women first!" said the captain, sternly.

"There's no more room here!" said one of the passengers. "I'll die for your lives, men."

"Dare to take the words of command out of my lips and you go overboard," said the captain, sternly. "Back water, men!"

But the flames were now raging too violently, the principle of self-preservation was stronger than the call of humanity. The boat pulled off.

"Save me," shouted the usurer.

"Let go that valise then—and jump for your life!" called out the captain.

"No, no—it contains money—a vast sum, I tell you," said the wretched man. "Save me, and I'll give you 1 1-2 per cent—six—ten—twelve!"

"It is a leap for life, madam," said Matthew, approaching the unknown lady. "Spring into the water and I will strive to save you."

Suffering Matthew to put his arm around her waist, and closing her eyes upon the peril, she sprang from the deck followed by her maid, who was assisted by Sandwich. The two men, sustaining the females, struck out for the boat which lay but a few oars length from them, and were taken on board. Griffin, driven to despair, had also taken the plunge, and swam desperately with one hand, and clinging to his valise with the other. Sandwich by the help of a boat-hook kept him afloat.

"Let go your traps," said the Yankee, "and I'll haul you in."

"Never!" said the money-lender, between his clenched lips.

But at that moment relief was at hand. The Spitfire came up and rounding to, she launched her boats, and her crew busied themselves in saving the passengers and crew of their late rival. All animosity was thrown to the winds in that supreme hour, and such was the activity and good will displayed, that not a soul of the precious freight of the Saldanha perished.

As Matthew committed the lady he had saved to the care of one of the chambermaids of the Spitfire, she pressed his hand to her lips.

"You shall not find me ungrateful, sir," she said. "If I can be of the slightest service to you, I will aid you to the extent of my ability. Any one in New York will tell you where Mrs. Percy Norman lives—and I shall not pardon you if you delay calling on me."

Matthew promised to accept the invitation, and then, with his friend, went below to change his wet garments. The last he saw of the ill-fated Saldanha she was sinking, a fiery mass of ruin, into the bosom of the Sound.

CHAPTER XII.

GETTING A PLACE. IRENE THE RIDER.

"NEW YORK at last!" cried Sandwich, as, standing on the deck beside Matthew, the boat rounded the Battery, and glided through the bright, sunshiny waters into her dock.

"Where do you propose putting up?" asked Matthew.

"Why, as I am very saving, and you very poor—we'll go, if you like, to the Granite House, in the Bowery—a respectable place, but no style, where you wont be skinned alive."

"Very good. I must get a room as soon as possible, for I must write a long letter to my mother, describing the events of last night."

"Print it—and send her the newspaper!" said Sandwich.

"What do you mean?"

"Look here," said Sandwich. "Just read that advertisement, 'an editor wanted, apply at —No— Nassau Street.' I happen to know the party. His name is Stephen Coals—he publishes a little weakly sheet that it will just suit you to take hold of, and if we're not too late, I think it will be a bargain."

"My dear fellow!"

"No blarney—let's jump ashore, and run the gauntlet of the hack-drivers. I know the ropes. Come along."

Mat followed the pilotage of his energetic friend, and was soon on the way to the printers, amused and dinned *en passant* by the racket and bustle of the great city in which he had been cast.

They found Mr. Coals in a little ten by six den, snipping paragraphs for his "Everybody's Olio," as he termed the journal which he issued.

"Coals," said the Yankee, "how are you, my dear fellow?"

"Why, how *do* you do, Mr. Sandwich?" said the little publisher, shaking hands with the tall Yankee. "You keep a turnin' up once in a while, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm round about, here, there and everywhere, seeking whom I may devour somebody—piling up the rocks mountainious. This is my friend, Mr. Matthew Milford, Coals, a literary character."

"You don't say so," said Coals, shaking hands.

"I brought him on a purpose for you," said Sandwich. "So don't keep us waitin'—but say whether you'll hev us, yes or no, cause we are in a hurry."

"Well, my paper, sir," said Coals, a little flustered.

"He knows all about it," said Sandwich.

"What wages?"

"Why, at first I can't say more than ten dollars a week."

"Say twelve, or we're off."

"Well, I'll say twelve," said Mr. Coals, with a slight sigh. "When will you take hold?"

"Directly after breakfast," said the Yankee. "So you get all ready to issue an exira."

"An extra! dear me!" said Coals. "What about?"

"Loss of the Saldanha—Sound Steamer—burnt to the water's edge last night. Make a sensation—sell like cakes. Come along, Mat, let's get our rooms and breakfast."

And with these words the indefatigable Yankee conveyed his friend out of the shop, and through Chatham Street to the Bowery.

"How can I ever repay your kindness?" said Matthew.

"It's nothing," said Sandwich—"nothing. I liked you the fust time I ever sot eyes on you. I haint done all I mean to for ye yit. I know the manager of the Chatham Amphitheatre like a book. And I'll make him bring out that piece of yours. All you'll have to do is to introduce horses, and I'll answer it will go. By the way, you'll be busy to-day, and so shall I—but in the evening, we'll go to the Chatham. They've got a new rider there—and I want to see her."

Lodgings engaged and breakfast eaten, the two friends separated; Matthew to go to his new office, and Sandwich to attend the auction rooms. Milford passed a hard day, as everything was new to him in the publication office; but he made a very good impression on Mr. Coals, and was well satisfied with the opening before him.

Night saw him seated beside his trading friend in the boxes of the Amphitheatre. There was a good house, and the performances were excellent. Brilliant costumes, cavalcades of capital horses, daring feats, tumbling and rope dancing succeeded each other rapidly. At last the hour arrived for the appearance of Mademoiselle Irene, the new rider, who was to attempt for the first time certain daring feats on her bareback flying charger. She had been trained by her father, an old clown, whose legs and jokes were rather the worse for wear, but who was compelled to continue in the ring, in default of a safer mode of getting his livelihood.

The arena was cleared, and the old clown who looked very dismal in his ghastly white cheeks and elongated mouth, asked the brilliant riding-master what he would have.

"Mademoiselle Irene, sir, and her flying charger," was the reply.

And when the clown vociferated, "Let's have Mademoiselle Irene, and her flying charger," a murmur of applause ran through the house.

The gate was thrown open, and a jet black horse with a scarlet and spangled bridle held by the tiniest of white hands, dashed into the ring. The young girl reined in her horse directly under Matthew's seat, which was but a little more elevated than her saddle. She was dressed in a short spangled tunic—her arms were bared to the shoulders, and laid on the coal black shining waves of her hair, was a wreath of red and white roses. Her whole figure was lithe and graceful; the profile of her face remarkably pure, and her head was set on her shoulders with classic grace. What struck Matthew particularly, was the ingenuousness of her expression. There was not the slightest shade of levity or boldness about this young girl. She seemed, on the contrary, pained to find herself the cynosure of so many eyes—the theme of so many voices. When the music struck up she bounded to her feet, and steadying herself by the bridle rode a few times round the ring. The old clown watched her with intense anxiety. It was observed that he took the whip from the ring-master's hand and kept as close as possible to the black horse. Those versed in horsemanship also noticed that the horse was not very regular in his movements, and that there was a vicious spark in his eye, and an occasional whisk of the tail, that augured mischief. At last the girl dropped down into a sitting posture, and the clown approached her to unfasten the bridle.

Matthew heard her say—"I'm almost afraid to trust him without the bridle."

"We can't help it, my dear child," was the answer; "it's promised in the bills. Keep up your courage—I'll do what I can for you."

"I'm afraid, father."

"Nonsense, darling."

The head stall was stripped off—the whip cracked and away bounded the flying steed. Irene made one or two attempts to spring to her feet, which were baffled by the plunges of the horse; but at last she stood erect on his back and folded her arms. Suddenly, however, and without any warning, the vicious animal plunged and threw the girl against the front of the boxes. A piercing cry of pain and terror parted from her lips, and a smothered expression of horror from the house. The horse made the circuit like lightning. One moment more and his hoofs would have struck the prostrate form of the rider, had not Milford sprung into the circle and snatched her from her apparently inevitable fate. The house rang with applause.

"Give her to me," said the clown—"my poor, poor child—I've been the death of her. I forced her to ride."

Matthew assisted the old man to carry out the fainting girl through the stables. She had received a cut on the face, and the white roses of her wreath were dabbled with blood.

She was taken into a little dressing-room and laid down upon a sofa. There were plenty of sympathizing friends among the performers to crowd round, but the old clown insisted on being nearest. He it was who kneeled down beside her, who bathed her temples, who held his hand to her heart, who implored her wildly to open her eyes and forgive him, and who raved because the physician was so long in coming. So long! it was but a few moments before he made his way through the crowd and commenced his services just as the girl came to herself.

"I am not so much hurt," she said, pressing the hand of the old clown, whose tears streaming down his cheeks incessantly, channelled the paint that was piled upon them. "I'm not so much hurt. And pray—father—pray don't let them be hard on my horse."

"They ought to cut his heart out of him with raw hides, for hurting my darling," said the old man—"my child—my support—my mainstay."

"No, no—he was put in the ring before he was properly trained," said the girl. And she made an effort to sit up.

"Don't try to exert yourself too much," said the physician, "and you'll come through this; send for a carriage and take her home."

"But doctor," said the girl, catching his hand. "I must be well enough to ride to-morrow."

The doctor shook his head. "After this fall," said he—"you will want many days' rest."

"But where is the gentleman who saved you, Irene?" asked the clown; "we must thank him for his courage and good will."

"Tell him I thank him from the bottom of my heart," said the girl, earnestly.

"It is nothing—nothing," said Matthew.

"Ah, sir!" said the old clown. "You must come and see us to-morrow. I live hard by in this street." He mentioned the number.

"I certainly will do so," replied Matthew.

The carriage which had been sent for, was now announced. And the girl was placed upon a mattress laid within it. Matthew watched until it had vanished, bearing the unfortunate young rider and the disconsolate old man.

"It will be hard for them, if she doesn't get over that fall soon, sir," said a woman, addressing Matthew. "The manager is not a very liberal person. The old man is quite broken down, on his last legs; and the girl is no great of a rider—had nothing but good looks to recommend her. She never ought to have tried anything but a flat saddle. But you see, if she'd succeeded, she'd have had a handsome salary."

"They must need assistance sorely," thought Matthew, as he walked home. "What little I can do for them, I will—but they will require help beyond my means. Stay! what prevents my applying to Mrs. Norman? So lovely and so stylish a woman cannot fail to be generous also. At any rate, I will make the attempt. To-morrow morning at the first permissible hour, I will call on her." This idea relieved in a measure the anxiety he felt on behalf of the rider girl and her father, and he was able to sleep soundly.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. NORMAN'S SECRET.

IN an exquisitely-furnished little apartment, a gem of art in every way, sat Mrs. Percy Norman, the lovely widow whose acquaintance we have made, and who, by any one versed in the mysteries of the toilet, or the mysteries of character, might have been termed an exquisite work of art herself. But in her case it was the art that goes hand in hand with nature, not that which seeks to "paint the rose and gild refined gold." She reclined, then, opposite a mirror, which reflected her entire person from the tip of the dainty ribbon on her cap to the point of her black satin boot. The light that entered the apartment came through panes of glass colored with the faintest roseate tint, and was subdued by the heavy draperies, so that a peculiar atmosphere pervaded the apartment. This light fell strongest on a marble statue of Pysche, and gradually faded away among objects that required less prominence.

Apparently the widow was satisfied with the survey of her person in the glass, for a smile stole over her countenance as she turned to her companion, who was no other than the waiting-maid who had accompanied her from Newport, and said:

"So you think, Rosine, I don't look absolutely like a fright to-day? That the recent accident has not impaired the effulgence of my charms?"

"You look more brilliant than ever, Mrs. Norman," answered the maid, who was herself a handsome, dark-eyed girl, though rather boldlooking. "And when," she added, "you cast away these melancholy garments, and come out in the dear Paris fashions, you will have no rival."

"These garments, Rosine," said the lady, glancing at her dress, and casting down her long black silken lashes, "are the tokens of a sincere grief."

Rosine looked grave for a moment, and then, indulging in a sarcastic smile, said:

"Are they not rather the tokens of gratitude for a splendid fortune left you by a man old enough to be your father, who was cruel enough to marry you, and then kind enough to die before the beauty that charmed him had suffered an eclipse?"

The widow tried to look offended, but the smile that had accompanied the remark called forth a corresponding one as she replied:

"I see it's impossible to conceal anything from you. Yes—I could not be expected to love General Norman, nor did I break my heart when he was given over by the physician."

"And when do you cast off these outward tokens of your grief?" asked Rosine.

"Before long—and then I shall consult your taste in my new toilets."

"And let me hope, madam, you have made no vow never to surrender your liberty again?"

"I know not that, Rosine. Men are sad mercenary creatures, and there will be no lack of suitors for the hand of a rich widow."

"I know that, madam. But your experience will lead you to make a good choice. You are no giddy girl to be caught by the first showy adventurer."

"That I am not."

"You want a man of stability and talent," said Rosine. "One who will take care of your property, and add to it, instead of wasting it."

"Very true, Rosine. I am sadly mercenary. I do love money for the splendor and power it commands. You who have been admitted into my entire confidence, and have proved yourself so worthy of it, know this."

"Therefore I have ventured to speak of your future prospects," said the waiting-maid. "Now I know one man, perfectly eligible in every respect, who is absolutely dying of love for you."

"Who is the unfortunate individual?" asked the widow, carelessly.

"You know him well—your late husband's man of business—Mr. Gerald Griffin."

"The odious creature! Don't you know I utterly detest him? Don't you know I cut him on board the steamer?"

"I thought you were playing with him—that having hooked him, you wish to sport with his sufferings, to make his happiness the greater."

"You had no reason to suppose so. Griffin! why what is there about the man that I could fancy? He is said to be stern and harsh."

"Ah, but he loves you—and, stern and harsh to all others, he would be gentle and complying to you."

"But the man is old."

"A few years older than yourself."

"He loves money too dearly to love me."

"He is said to be the slave of money. Yet how many men have been maligned. I know that he spends money freely sometimes."

"Yes, to accomplish certain purposes; for instance, to ingratiate himself with a certain set. Though when travelling and transacting business, he dresses meanly, not to say shabbily, I have seen him at soirees, as fine as a foreign count. But we wont speak of him—enough that I am obliged to see him on business."

"Ah! I am afraid he has a rival?"

"You are thinking of a certain Harry Redwood," said the widow, with a smile.

"Redwood!" repeated Rosine. "Ah! the man who used to pay such court to the general, when he was alive!"

"He is young and handsome."

"Well looking and far too young."

"Youth and beauty are no crimes."

"But he is said to be dissipated."

"To reform a dissipated man is a glorious prerogative of love."

"Then you love him?"

"I didn't say that exactly—but I have a pretty good opinion of him."

"I beg you to pause, madam," said the maid. "You know I have your interest at heart—and I don't wish to see you throw yourself away on a prodigal."

"Make yourself perfectly easy," said the lady. "I do not intend to throw away my liberty in a hurry. I shall think twice before I make a disposition of my person or my property."

"People say that you are immensely rich, madam."

"The general was immensely rich," said the widow. "But this Mr. Griffin, who seems to be such a special favorite with you, has the management of his affairs, and alone knows the exact amount, and the terms on which the property is left. The day of a final settlement is approaching. Ah, Rosine—how many years of chagrin and anxiety this fortune has cost me. But—if that were all—" she pressed her hand to her heart, as if in pain.

"You are unwell, madam?"

"No, no—this is nothing new—and nothing after all. Yet—to be candid, I have a secret that weighs upon my spirits."

"If I might ask you to confide in me?" said Rosine, timidly.

"My good girl, I should not hesitate to trust you," said Mrs. Norman. "But why cloud your spirit with the knowledge of the trials, of the temptations—of the—the guilt of another?"

"Guilt, madam! impossible. You can have done nothing to cause the loss of your own self-esteem!"

"Ah, Rosine," said the widow, "you little know to what the love of money and luxury leads."

"That is true, madam—I was never the slave of that passion."

"And I was," said the widow. She rose, went to the door, opened it, looked out into the corridor, and then, closing it again, carefully locked it, and, beckoning Rosine to take a seat beside her, said, in a low tone:

"I will trust you. I must have a confidant. I have a plenty of flatterers but no friends—and I am alone in the world."

There was a silence of some moments, and then she began:

"I was born poor and in humble life—but from the earliest hour I can recollect, I had the ambition of shining in the world. A mere girl, I envied, yes, and hated the proud beauties—the leaders of the fashion, that I saw whirling by in their carriages to balls, to church, to the opera. As I grew up this thirst for splendor and position increased on me. I looked in my mirror and it told me a flattering tale. In the beauty I saw reflected there seemed the talisman that was to command my fortune. My attractions and address won me some friends who gave me an education. They fancied that I should be contented to pass through life as a school teacher or as a governess. Fools! they little knew my heart."

"Go on, madam."

"I pass over bitter years of struggle and heart-burning—the career of an adventuress. Suitors I had—worthy ones—but they were all rejected; for, as I have said, I was mercenary, and required gold—gold—gold—to ardent hearts to be laid at my feet. Chance threw in my way General Norman, an old widower. We met at a watering-place. I could have wished a more secluded scene for the display of my manœuvres, for I had made many enemies who watched me closely. But I was artful and daring. My resources were more than a match for the caution of the old general. I brought him finally to offer me his hand and heart. I cared nothing for those, I accepted his fortune."

"And it was a large one."

"It was larger than I had ever dreamed of possessing. O, Rosine, you know not how intoxicating it was to pass from a life of privation like mine—from months of secret toil endured for the sake of shining in splendor a week or two—you cannot, I say, appreciate the transition to a fairy-land of luxury. I revelled in its possession. Horses, carriages, diamonds, dress, flowers—the luxuries of the table—I had them all. I felt that I could never lose them—that to sink again to the sphere from which I had risen would be madness and death. Affluence alone was not enough—I must all my life continue to be rich."

"And your wish has been gratified."

"There was a *shadow on the heartstone!* The general had a boy by his first wife—a brilliant and promising child, on whom he doted. While, after a time, he seemed to be less ardent in his attachment to me—to become more and more annoyed at my extravagance, his devotion to his boy increased. I began to fear that the child would engross all his affection, and in time receive more than his share of his father's wealth. Various hideous projects with regard to that poor boy, suggested themselves. At last an epidemic appeared in the city. The general wished to fly from its approach. I laughed at his fears. I cared nothing for the danger myself—I lost all dread in the hope that disease, by sweeping off my husband's idol, would render my future doubly sure. But you cannot conceive of such feelings, Rosine."

"I can, madam," answered the waiting-maid, quickly.

"Unfortunately," resumed the widow, "the general insisted on sending the boy out of the reach of danger. He confided him to the care of an old servant-man, who had been with him for many years, but whom I had succeeded in inspiring with a devoted attachment to myself. On the eve of his departure, I called him to me. I had previously pawned a valuable diamond necklace, that I claimed like hand the means of bribery. I relied but too surely on the corruption of the demon of avarice—the fiend of gold. I counted out the shining tempters one by one—and I, the temptress, stood before him, and told him in a calm voice, that it should all be his, if he never brought that boy back to the house."

"Was he—was he—to—" faltered the waiting-maid.

"To remove him by violence? O, no," said Mrs. Norman. "I left it to him to devise means of getting rid of him without harming a hair of his head. He went away with his charge. O, what a fortnight of agony was that I passed till I could get tidings of the result. At last the man came back."

"Alone?"

"Alone. He reported that the boy was dead and buried—that he had carried the seeds of the disease away from the city with him, and that notwithstanding the utmost care on his part, the child had died, and it was necessary to bury him immediately. It was not until after the distracted father and myself had visited the grave in the remote country town where he died, that I paid the man his money, and pretexting ill health to leave our service, he went abroad.

"Then all your fears were dissipated."

"For a season. But years afterwards I received a letter from France, from the man whom I had corrupted, saying that the boy was not dead; but that such means had been taken to get rid of him that it was not likely he could ever trouble me. Not likely! There was still a doubt. I wrote for further particulars, but received no answer. Now, Rosine, you have heard my story. Profit by it. Learn by it the fell power of the fiend of gold."

Rosine could make no reply. At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and a servant, on its being opened, handed the lady a card. On it was written Walter Milford's name.

"I will see him immediately," said the lady, rising. "Remember," she said, as she left the room, "remember, Rosine, and be faithful."

"I shall not forget so valuable a secret," said the waiting-maid to herself, with a smile of peculiar meaning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENUINE COURTESY.—True courtesy, genuine politeness, is the offspring of good nature and a kind heart. It is as far removed from the artificial stateliness of fops and coxcombs, as the sun is from swagger and bluster; as far removed from arrogance and overbearing authority, as is the centre of the globe from its circumference. A true gentleman is a true man, no matter who his father was.

[Written for The Flag of our Union

THE BEAUTY OF TROLL AND HER PERIL

BY EMERY H. SEDGE.

THE river Gotha in Sweden connects ... nificent inland sea, denominated We... the North Sea, or rather the Skaggre... it joins near the town of Gottenb... stream, valuable as a means of easy ... cation, possesses little attraction ... scenery, flowing as it does through a ... and comparatively barren country. ... should never hear of the Gotha, if ... interrupted by the celebrated Trolh... situated not far from Lake Wenner ... close by the falls is the village of T... containing a population of one thou... sons, many of whom find employment ... sequent subsistence in the busy litt... which are built close to the edge of ... and overhanging the cataract in pictu... startling positions. The continued ... these mills is secured by an unbroke... timber provided by the northern ... coasts of the Wenner, transported ... lake by sloops and schooners, and fin... to Trolhætta through the famous ... same name—an improvement plann... ried into effect by Charles the Twel... this village the wood in a new form ... the canal past the rapids, and d... *debouchure* of the Gotha, whence it is ... as the commerce of the country dire...

But we have to do less with the ... with the sawmills, or rather mill, wit... of a portion of them. Olof Schoni... happiest man in Trolhætta. He ate ... his four regular meals daily, he dran... with unrivalled gusto, and smoked h... state of complacency and quietude ... a richer and better man might have e... the indisputable excellence and supe... of Olof was celebrated throughout ... It would not be easy to reckon the ... patches whereof he claimed pr... though it could be done with suf... taking, as well as to measure the corn ... and potatoes, which, notwithstanding ... in broken and limited localities, mad... aggregate. Neither will we enumera... or give a hint at their probable val... stupendous result should seem scarc... to those who appreciate the difficulti... must surmount in attaining a com... actual fortune in the furniture of hi... and lost, on the other hand, it migh... ciliously contemned by such persons ... customed to compute their wealth ... columns.

Olof sustained as unpretending a s... ing as his less prosperous neighb... perhaps, his house was somewhat ... desire, and surrounded by a greater ... granaries and offices, while the scra... numerous as the necessities of the e... demanded. In his own proper don... as he had the control, were the san... and simplicity everywhere found as... boring classes. Plenty and cleanlin... their estimation the highest advan... ciated with wealth, and it abundan... his notions of display to see his cott... bright coat of red paint contrasting ... with the verdure on the overgrow... within to find no stains on the dea... ceiling, and walls scoured to a mar... of whiteness, and to crumple beno... the newly gathered fir twigs and ... strewed the immaculate floor.

Olof had experienced one great s... was evidently sufficient for his sp... plicity, since he was not likely wholly ... its effect upon his heart. Despite ... and content, he did not cease to r... long hours of abstracted thought ... loving wife, the mother of his sw... girl. She had been dead years, a... Edna had grown almost to woman... did not attempt to contract a secon... but remained at ease beneath the ... rule of his maiden sister. Miss Ma... ning was plump and good natured ... her decision. She had come to ... when she heard of his affliction, to ... leave of the social attractions of G... which city she was living, with som... to fashion, on a small legacy. It w... her opinion, to care for Olof and he... to look after the housekeeping, that ... life in idleness. Accordingly, she ... her meagre gentility and two or ... perts," of which most single ladies ... and arrived in a state of bustling i... virtue of her self denial—a state sh... escaped from—at Trolhætta.

Miss Margaret would have fo... home dull and coarse, when contra... Gottenburg experiences of pleasur... ment, if the beautiful little Edna l... her whole heart and absorbed her i... distely. The sweet, gay child, ... snow, heavenly blue eyes and lux... curls, diffused about her a cheer i... shine; and whether she danced on ... or learned to sew, or conned le... skipped along the streets, she was ... same in loveliness. Miss Margaret ... die for her, but there being no fi... for the display of such a proof o... she could only devote her life to ... manhood, and she had her reward i... large and open to a flower whi... early promise of perfection.

While Edna was no higher tha... shoulder, she was allowed to go to ... often as she chose, where she tal... father in his intervals of labor, wa... turing saws, played with the ... wood, and where, above all, she ... furious Gotha leaping, surging and ... downward over the Trolhætta rock... together, she would stand looking ... down of the mill, listening to the ... of the waters, pleasing herself w...

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BEAUTY OF TROLHÆTTA AND HER PERILS.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

The river Gotha in Sweden connects the magnificent inland sea, denominated Wenner, with the North Sea, or rather the Skaggreack, which it joins near the town of Gottenburg. This stream, valuable as a means of easy communication, possesses little attraction in point of scenery, flowing as it does through a monotonous and comparatively barren country. Perhaps we should never hear of the Gotha, if it was not interrupted by the celebrated Trolhætta Falls, situated not far from Lake Wenner. Situated close by the falls is the village of Trolhætta, containing a population of one thousand persons, many of whom find employment and consequent subsistence in the busy little sawmills which are built close to the edge of the stream, and overhanging the cataract in picturesque and startling positions. The continued industry of these mills is secured by an unbroken supply of timber provided by the northern and western coasts of the Wenner, transported across the lake by sloops and schooners, and finally brought to Trolhætta through the famous canal of the same name—an improvement planned and carried into effect by Charles the Twelfth. From this village the wood in a new form is taken on the canal past the rapids, and down to the *debouchure* of the Gotha, whence it is transmitted as the commerce of the country directs.

But we have to do less with the wood than with the sawmills, or rather still, with the owner of a portion of them. Olof Schoning was the happiest man in Trolhætta. He ate unfailingly his four regular meals daily, he drank his beer with unrivalled gusto, and smoked his pipe in a state of complacency and quietude which many a richer and better man might have envied; and the indisputable excellence and superior wealth of Olof was celebrated throughout the region. It would not be easy to reckon the little arable patches whereof he claimed proprictorship, though it could be done with suitable painstaking, as well as to measure the corn and barley and potatoes, which, notwithstanding they grew in broken and limited localities, made a very fair aggregate Neither will we enumerate his mills or give a hint at their probable value, lest the stupendous result should seem scarcely credible to those who appreciate the difficulties a sawyer must surmount in attaining a competency, an actual fortune in the furniture of his vocation, and lest, on the other hand, it might be superciliously contemned by such persons as are accustomed to compute their wealth in broad columns.

Olof sustained as unpretending a style of living as his less prosperous neighbors, unless, perhaps, his house was somewhat larger than theirs, and surrounded by a greater number of granaries and offices, while the servants were as numerous as the necessities of the establishment demanded. In his own proper domicile, so far as he had the control, were the same rudeness and simplicity everywhere found among the laboring classes. Plenty and cleanliness were in their estimation the highest advantages associated with wealth, and it abundantly satisfied his notions of display to see his cottages in their bright coat of red paint contrasting pleasantly with the verdure on the overgrown roofs, and within to find no stains on the deal boards or ceiling, and walls scoured to a marvellous pitch of whiteness, and to crumple beneath his feet the newly gathered fir-twigs and leaves which strewed the immaculate floor.

Olof had experienced one great sorrow which was evidently sufficient for his spiritual discipline, since he was not likely wholly to outlive its effect upon his heart. Despite his joviality and content, he did not cease to remember in long hours of abstracted thought his faithful, loving wife, the mother of his sweet, laughing girl. She had been dead years, and his little Edna had grown almost to womanhood. Olof did not attempt to contract a second marriage, but remained at ease beneath the housewifely rule of his maiden sister. Miss Margaret Schoning was plump and good-natured, in spite of her decision. She had come to her brother when she heard of his affliction, taking a final leave of the social attractions of Gottenburg, in which city she was living, with some pretensions to fashion, on a small legacy. It was better, in her opinion, to care for Olof and her niece, and to look after the housekeeping, than to spend a life in idleness. Accordingly, she relinquished her meagre gentility and two or three "prospects," of which most single ladies have several, and arrived in a state of bustling importance by virtue of her self denial—a state she never quite escaped from—at Trolhætta.

Miss Margaret would have found her new home dull and coarse, when contrasted with her Gottenburg experience of pleasure and refinement, if the beautiful little Edna had not won her whole heart and absorbed her interest immediately. The sweet, gay child, with skin of snow, heavenly blue eyes and luxuriant golden curls, diffused about her a cheer like very sunshine; and whether she danced on the fir leaves, or learned to sew, or conned her lesson, or skipped along the streets, she was always the same in loveliness. Miss Margaret was ready to die for her, but there being no fitting occasion for the display of such a proof of attachment, she could only devote her life to caring for the rosebud, and she had her reward in seeing it enlarge and open into a flower which verified its early promise of perfection.

While Edna was no higher than her aunt's shoulder, she was allowed to go to the mills as often as she chose, where she talked with her father in his intervals of labor, watched the untiring saws, played with the moist, fragrant wood, and where, above all, she could see the furious Gotha leaping, surging and boiling in its descent over the Trolhætta rocks. For hours together, she would stand looking from the window of the mill, listening to the unceasing rush of the waters, pleasing herself with sparkling, broken fancies and meditations, such as Miss Margaret never told her, and such as she had never read in books. She must have heard them from the water spirits.

One day when she went down to the mill, she found a stranger there. He was already at work, and her father was teaching him how the labor should be performed. He was still young, scarcely arrived at his full stature, but he was strong, vigorous and capable, and Edna very much admired his agility, his coal black hair which the red cap did not entirely conceal, and his dark, shining eyes, which were not slow in sending beaming, inquiring glances towards her.

Aleck Thune, for that was the name of the stranger, was a Norwegian; and, more restless and ambitious than his brothers, who cared for nothing more exciting than the cultivation of their little farms lying far away to the northward, he had left his home, and after a series of ordinary adventures, had arrived at Carlstadt. There he heard of Gottenburg, then in a specially prosperous condition, and determined to go thither to seek his fortune. He crossed the Wenner with a cargo of timber and came to Trolhætta. The beautiful falls attracted his attention. He must stop to see them and to hear their deep, roaring voices. He must find rare and difficult paths alone to the stream, and gain by dangerous passes and the aid of tough and stinted trees, those high, overhanging projections from which he could look down into the wildest eddies, the maddest rush of the waters. Aleck found in his climbing the greatest exhilaration. Full of daring and hope, he sat down on the sloping edge of the precipice and devised plans for his employment at Gottenburg. Then he bethought himself of his slender, boarded supply of silver, upon which he relied to take him to that city, and he took it out from his bosom and spread it in his hand to count it over. O, horror! He was slipping forward—could nothing save him? He made a desperate clutch at the rocky point beside him; it did not break, and another effort carried him up to a place of security. But the silver—that tinkled along down the crag and parting the black waters, commenced its perpetual whirl in the stupendous basin which contained them. Aleck caught his breath and looked after his falling treasure.

"That money was my nest-egg, and a pretty nest it lies in now. But I'll not leave it. The window of yonder mill cleverly overlooks my possessions, and perhaps the owner will hire me—who knows?" And thus talking and singing to support his courage, Aleck made the best of his way to test the possibility which seemed his last resource.

In less than an hour, he was tugging at the heavy timber in the mill. Olof despised the Norwegians, but his objection to having a servant of that nation was overcome by Aleck's truthful story of misfortune, his clear, honest eye, and a strong arm. And Olof had that very day said to himself: "I am growing old, and I like not my work as I have alone. I will have another good lad to help me. It is enough for me to overlook so many fellows and give a lift at a beam now and then."

Aleck moved the logs and waited for the saw to cut them several hours, and he was already tired of the confinement. Surely this, day in and out, would be no better than digging potatoes; it was even worse, for the blue sky was quite hidden by the black roof. Aleck was forlorn and sighed, not for home, but for Gottenburg, and resolved with new determination to go there as soon as he could earn money enough. At that moment, something bright fluttered before his vision. He looked eagerly and saw such a beautiful, airy figure, that he thought an angel had been sent to console him; but it was only a young girl, who embraced and kissed Olof before she perceived that he was not alone. She gave Aleck a pleasant greeting and stayed to see him work, and after a while she ventured to talk with him, and then she laughed very much at his bad Swedish. She offered timidly to teach him a better pronunciation. Aleck did not work late on that day, but went with Olof and Edna to the house before tea-time. Miss Margaret received him graciously. Edna continued to talk to him, and before he fell asleep that night, he thought perhaps he should always live at Trolhætta.

Olof in a few days so appreciated his able assistant, that he would not have exchanged him for the best Swede he knew. The lovely Edna could not part with her companion, and the communicative Miss Margaret set a high value on a good listener; and the pleasant pictures of Gottenburg produced from the storehouse of her memory made the passing gratification of the young people, but occasioned no emotion of longing discontent in the breast of Aleck. Only Edna, sometimes, enraptured with descriptions of the theatre and parties, handsome shops and the fine English residents, would exclaim:

"I will yet stay a while in Gottenburg."

"And go from us?" Aleck would say, reproachfully.

"Perhaps you would go also?"

"I might do that," said he.

"And I will stay there long enough," said the gay Edna, "to learn English tolerably well, and get me some foreign dresses which will last me a lifetime for my best, just like Aunt Margaret's. And you will have saved money enough then, so that you could go with me and keep me out of harm, and maybe study with a learned professor, and afterwards rise very high in life."

"I never wish to be higher," said Aleck, "than on the black rocks above the mill, with you for my wise little professor. I know a great many things and Swedish perfectly already."

"No, indeed—no!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "Your speaking is full of faults. You would not be thought at all intelligent among Gottenburg gentlemen."

Aleck did not relish that compliment—and it was but fair to say it was quite unjust, since his mind was as active and retentive as could be desired—and he set off for the mill in bad humor, and commenced working. But Edna was in a provoking mood, and she followed Aleck, not to ask his pardon, but to tease him still further, that she might see his eyes grow black and flash, and his cheeks become red. As soon as she had exhausted every topic of disagreement which her invention very unamiably consented to supply, she said to herself:

"Now before I go to the house, I will give him one good fright, and that will vex him more; then it will be so nice to make it all up after dinner, and watch his eyes turn to a soft, deep brown again, while I oblige him to laugh and coax him to tell a pretty story about the north land."

Edna followed the suggestions of her naughty spirit, and stole out to the end of the old mill, where there was a ruinous balcony overhanging the stream. The rude balustrade was decayed, and the place was considered quite unsafe by Aleck, who had given Edna many a particular caution against it.

"In mercy come back, or you are lost!" shouted he, as he saw her go to the extreme end and lean against the insecure railing in defiance.

His cry of distress only excited her perverse daring, and she bent over the rotten support, and letting the wind toss her sunny ringlets in the light, looked back with a gay, mocking laugh. It was but for an instant, however, for the old railing broke beneath the weight of her swaying motion, and she went helplessly down into the deep and terrible water. Only a shrill scream lingered in the air behind her.

A bound and a plunge, and Aleck had made the dangerous descent into the Gotha in time to dash forward and catch the imprudent girl before she was thrown against the rocks. Then by almost miraculous strength he combated the furious eddies, and gained a huge mass of granite in the middle of the river.

The fright and sudden bath completely banished the naughtiness from Edna's heart and dispelled Aleck's irritations, and there succeeded as pretty a reconciliation-scene as one would wish to describe. So thought an English traveller, who stood on the nearest bank in an attitude of affected superiority, with foppish dress and a ferocious disposition of hair. He vowed he would gladly sit on the worst looking rock in the Gotha, with a beautiful girl to kiss his hand like that, if—there were only a bridge to the shore. Meanwhile the crowd rapidly increased, as the news of the strange exposure ran through the village. Olof was the only man whose actions were more energetic than his words. After repeated efforts, he succeeded in throwing a rope to Aleck, who fastened it about a corner of the rock and called for another. The second followed shortly. This Aleck tied about his body, and securely holding his precious charge and clinging to the first rope, was drawn to the shore.

All rushed forward to receive them, and the Englishman pushing aside the others, even Miss Margaret and Olof, with an insolent freedom attempted to take Edna from Aleck, who still supported her. She shrank back, and Aleck motioned him away. But the stranger, uttering some mawkish compliment, the meaning of which was sufficiently evident to the bystander, by his tone and the expression of his features, persisted in his rudeness, and with insulting familiarity insinuated his arm about the waist of the dripping girl who, terrified, clung to her preserver. The light kindled in Aleck's eye, and seeming to concentrate his entire muscular force in his right arm, with one stroke he laid the intruder on the ground.

"Rightly served! So much for his impudence!" said the spectators.

Incited by the popular approval, Aleck was disposed to add some further token of his displeasure to that already applied to the person of the stranger, who was hastening to recover his footing and dignity. But Olof securing his daughter, bade his household follow him homeward, and strode on with such rapid steps, that Aleck had only time to shake defiance at his adversary with his clenched fists. As the stranger was sufficiently valorous in this pantomimic warfare against a retreating foe, the contest on his part was quite vigorous and edifying to behold. If Aleck could have foreseen a more substantial encounter with the Englishman, which was not very far before him, his chivalric heart would have been abundantly content.

After the whiskered traveller had sneaked out of the village as quickly as he could, and Miss Margaret had completed the parade of her cordials and lotions, and her patients were dry and sound, and after Olof had read a formidable lecture on discretion to his daughter, nothing occurred to disturb the monotonous quiet of the establishment.

In a little while Edna became a tall young lady, and no longer went to the mill to play. Aleck also grew large and handsome, and almost every day contrived to gain time for a delightful walk with his master's daughter in some of the wild paths about their romantic home. They professed to study botany under Miss Margaret's guidance, and to go abroad for specimens; but the flowers they might chance to find more frequently adorned Edna's curls than a herbarium, and the students appeared to be better satisfied with sitting side by side on the barren rocks overlooking the Gotha, than with laborious searching in moist and sunny nooks for illustrations of their favorite science.

They were on the topmost crag one day, looking alternately at the prospect and in each other's eyes. All were very fine.

"Don't go so near the edge," said Aleck. "There's where I had the good luck to lose my money once, but it isn't worth your while to go after it."

"I shall not fall," replied Edna. "I wish only to reach that extraordinary glistening pebble. If we do not carry some curiosity home, Aunt Margaret will charge us with sloth and carelessness, as she did yesterday."

But Edna did not calculate upon the time-worn smoothness of the rock, and she commenced the terrible slipping which her companion had once tried before her. Aleck sprang to save her and caught her dress. But he also was too near the brink, and for an instant it seemed doubtful if he could recover himself, much more the burden which drew him downward. It was a moment of silence, suspense and agony. An arm less strong, a nerve less determined than the young sawyer's, would have lost all. It was a close conflict with certain destruction, but Aleck won the victory, and he presently stood at a safe distance from the precipice, pale and trembling, and clasping to his heart his palpitating prize.

"I once lost my entire fortune over that dangerous rock," said he; "if I had there parted with my all again, I should have taken up my abode with my treasures in the black whirlpool beneath."

His words brought the bright color and smiles into Edna's face, and as the echo of their impassioned utterance fell on Aleck's ear, the blood, in compensation for its temporary absence, rushed in crimson floods to his cheeks and more than wonted gladness lit his eye. He took Edna's arm within his own and went directly home. They were so engrossed with pleasanter thoughts that neither remembered to acquaint Miss Margaret with the particulars of their perilous adventure. But nothing on a hill-top can remain unknown, and Olof had seen the whole from the window of the mill.

On that very evening Olof consulted with his sister respecting the means by which he might best testify his sense of Aleck's repeated services that had so happily resulted in the continued felicity of his household. The gratitude of Olof was unbounded, and he studied how to reward Edna's preserver. Miss Margaret's eyes twinkled with delight in anticipation of more than possibilities, and she blushed slightly, being a sensible maiden lady, as she somewhat diffusely hinted at a wedding which would probably be satisfactory to all parties.

Olof's blank astonishment, as he gradually comprehended his sister's drift, grew into towering indignation when her proposition stood clearly before him, and he marched up and down the room scattering the fragrant fir-buds in every direction by his violent footsteps.

"A daughter of mine," he exclaimed, "shall *never* marry a detestable Norwegian. I hate the whole race, and so did my father. A good Swede always hates them—the Norway man."

"But—but," said Miss Margaret, trying to make prompt headway against a torrent of patriotic invectives which she foresaw, "Aleck has always obtained your approval, and you certainly have no personal dislike to him."

"To be sure I have. Aint he a Norwegian, I'd like to know? and isn't that sufficient?" said Olof, tossing a shower of evergreen leaves towards the ceiling.

"But Edna is so much attached to him—more than to any one else in the world," said his sister, making a bold push forward in the affair.

"*Nonsense!*" exclaimed Olof, contemptuously. "I wonder if she isn't *my* daughter, and born in Sweden, too!"

At length Olof left the fir twigs in peace, and sitting down, half succeeded in persuading his sister that the match which she had proposed was wholly absurd and inadmissible, assured her that he would fully compensate Aleck for his gallant behaviour, and advised, to prevent the growth of an incipient regard, that Edna be sent to their old friends in Gottenburg, where she might find some amusements and pick up a few accomplishments. He requested, also, that the direction of everything should be left to him; and as he was absolute in his household, his sister dutifully and submissively acquiesced.

In two hours, he had made a bargain with Aleck, confirmed by papers, signatures and witnesses, by which the young man was to continue in his service during the two following years, and was then to receive certain unusual advantages that would lay a broad foundation for a fortune large enough to satisfy any ambition instructed by Trolhætta customs. Aleck was in raptures, for he viewed this distinction, which his master had bound himself to confer, as a certain stepping-stone to the attainment of his dearest wish. The obligation seemed to be wholly on his side, and he forgot that Olof or his family were at all indebted to him. But he was greatly taken aback when he soon learned that in less than a week Edna would be carried by her father to Gottenburg.

"You know, Aleck, that you are to go with me there," said Edna, with her sweetest blushes and smiles. "I am sure you have earned money enough to make it possible for you to do all those great things we used to talk about, and many others beside."

"I have money which I could use, yet I cannot go." And Aleck gloomily and even angrily explained the terms of his recent engagement.

He was not without penetration, and he remembered a remark of Olof's which convinced him that the present position of affairs was by no means accidental. But he had too much sense to throw away, through petulance or impulse, a certain chance of ultimate prosperity; and hoping for the best, he determined to abide strictly by the terms of the bond and remain at Trolhætta, as the paper required. If he could only have his own conversation with Edna, he would be satisfied; but this opportunity strangely enough did not occur, and he was forced to part from her, receiving such assurances of her affection as her tears and hand pressure at the last moment might afford.

It is not our purpose to follow our beauteous heroine to Gottenburg, where, introduced by her father's relative into respectable society, she was directly a cynosure of popularity and admiration. Olof soon came back with letters. There was, indeed, no limit to the letters which followed each other home, and which for artlessness and refreshing unconsciousness, might have compared favorably with those of Miss Harriet Byron. There were the parties and the theatre and the various expected excitements, and there was a handsome merchant who greatly admired her, and an ugly count who was at her feet, and a landed proprietor who was ready to die for her on any imperative occasion, and beside, her English teacher who was more devoted and disagreeable than all the rest. She soon became weary of repelling people who would not retire, and of making conquests whose value was nothing to her, and at the end of half a year, having seen everything worthy of attention, and taken as many lessons in English as she could endure from her pretentious instructor, she petitioned for leave to return home. And Olof by that time was only too glad to grant it, and went for her with astonishing alacrity. Of course she brought with her the foreign dresses and improved manners and a world of sunshine, and nothing could be more joyful than was all Trolhætta on her arrival. So at least thought Aleck, yet I am not sure that all the villagers knew precisely when she returned.

Edna resumed her former habits and occupations, as if she never meant again to resign them, and it supplied employment and happiness for weeks to tell Aleck all that she had seen and learned in her absence. She had also to visit her numerous *protegés*, poor people in the vicinity, who had missed her beautiful countenance more than the charities which she was accustomed to afford them, since her place had been well filled by the thoughtful Miss Margaret.

A poor lame woman lived in a secluded spot, just aside from the thickly settled parts of Trolhætta, and thither Edna went often, accompanied by a servant carrying supplies of food and other necessities. One day she made her visit in unusual haste, for her father had been crippled by some injury received in the mill, and was temporarily confined to the house, and she shortened her absence to contribute to his entertainment. She was expected in time for dinner, and Olof, Margaret and Aleck were waiting, when the servant, who had accompanied her, breathless and terrified burst into the room. Her story was told in snatches. She was returning with Miss Edna, when a carriole met them, containing a man, this Miss Edna said, was her English teacher, and the young lady vainly tried to pass him without being recognized; and the man alighted and held a long conversation with Miss Edna, and she shook her head a great many times and endeavored to escape; and the end of it was she was caught up by the man, who sprang into the carriole and drove rapidly off.

This story produced the utmost consternation. Olof jumped up furiously, but sank groaning into his chair.

"In heaven's name! why do you stand there, Aleck?" cried he. "Take the fastest horse you know, and be off with you."

"Only on one condition," said Aleck, coolly sitting down.

"Are you mad? What is it" shouted Olof.

"That she be mine when I find her," returned Aleck.

"The saints help me! She shall not marry a Norwegian," exclaimed Olof.

"I don't wish to parade my merits," continued Aleck, calmly, "but I will say that I have twice rescued Edna at the peril of my life. That will answer for you two; if I save her again it must be for myself."

"Margaret, let him alone," again shouted Olof. "Call some of the men instantly, and send them on after her."

"They are energetic fellows—they'll probably find her!" said Aleck, sarcastically.

Olof groaned more loudly than ever. Miss Margaret here interfered with her eloquence, and labored to convince her brother that Edna was certainly lost as matters then stood; that she might be in a much more disagreeable situation than that of Aleck's bride, and talked so effectively that Olof gave his extorted consent, with only one promise and one faint hope.

"You may have her, Aleck, if she is willing—mind, if she is willing. I say, if *she* is willing, Aleck."

Aleck joyfully accepted the terms, and having already carefully questioned the servant-girl, in two minutes was flying on the track of the refugees, leaving his master to rave at his broken limb, and make the best of a doleful case. Fortune favored Aleck by breaking down the light carriole of the Englishman.

The young sawyer arrived at the scene of the accident soon after it occurred, where he found his old enemy, the Englishman, by the Gotha, somewhat ingloriously occupied in endeavoring to prevent the flight of his lady and in examining his useless vehicle, without appearing to remember that a good cavalier need not be exposed to the unfortunate chances of successful pursuit while his steed remains. Aleck at first determined to give battle to his antagonist, and punish him severely; but he was too happy to sustain a belligerent temper for any time, and he accordingly changed his resolution, and assisted the miserable Englishman in mending his carriole as well as ropes would do it, and saw him safely started on towards Gottenburg, while Edna stood by almost overcome with hysterical laughter.

Olof soon found that *his* only hope was without foundation, but Miss Margaret, and Aleck, and Edna were so completely satisfied and happy that it was impossible for him to be long perverse and ill-natured.

There was a wedding in due time after this, and nobody even regretted it—not even Olof, for Aleck was a dutiful son in law, and became as patriotic a Swede as if he had been born in Stockholm.

THE QUIZZING GLASS.

The Rev. Mr. M—, a Scotch minister of some note, was one day walking through the streets of Edinburgh, dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seeming suddenly to recognise her, he walked up to her briskly, and seizing her by the hand, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with:

"My dear Marie, how do you do? how left you your worthy father, and venerable mother, and when did you come to town?"

At this was expressed with the rapidity and energy of an old and familiar friend, and with an air of equality a little savoring of superiority. The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand, and said, with some alarm:

"You are mistaken, sir!"

"What!" he replied, "is it possible, my dear, that you do not know me?"

"Indeed, I do not, sir."

"Neither do I you," said the parson. "Good morning, madam." And making a ceremonious bow, he walked away.

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.—*Salem Register.*

SUBLIME COURTESY.—True courtesy, genteelishness, is the offspring of good nature and kind heart. It is as far removed from the affected stateliness of fops and coxcombs, as the ease from swagger and blustre; as far removed from arrogance and overbearing authority, as is the centre of the globe from its circumference. The gentleman is a true man, no matter who or what he was.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

My heart is thrilled with tender joy,
Which nothing now can mar,
Commuuing with its love-born thoughts—
Most blessed thoughts they are;
For she is near, my soul's first love,
Its heavenward guiding star.

She's modest as the violet,
And gentle as the dove;
Her noble mind and sympathies,
Her trust, her truth, her love.
Her patience and humility
A beauteous soul do prove.

Her name's the first in memory's book,
And ay, 'twill be the last,
Her love smile glids the present time,
It sanctified the past,
And round my way its influence
Forever will be cast.

And I have seen her dear eyes weep,
Blest privilege of mine;
I kissed her falling tears away,
The while my arms would twine
Around her neck in mute caress,
Our love seemed half divine.

I gaze upon the azure skies,
That veil the heavenly goal,
And look into her sweet blue eyes,
They half reveal her soul;
Her God he sees the inner light,
The beauty of the whole.

My heart is filled with holy joy,
No clouds its hopes o'ercast,
In fancy's eye the future glows,
In memory's the past;
While she is near, my mother dear,
My first love and my last.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DEMON'S BRIBE.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Who has not heard of the dread Hartz Mountains? Who has not listened to fearful legends that have been handed down from the past, of demons and their victims—of benighted wanderers bereft of their senses from the terrors of a night passed among their gloomy fastnesses—or of dread sights and sounds, seen and heard by those whose occupations led them near the outskirts of their black and dismal precincts?

Among the peasantry of dreamy, wonder-loving Germany, these stories are invested with all the attributes of truthfulness, and each wonderful narration is treasured up within the mind, and related by the evening fireside, to the listening circle collected after the labors of the day. Each is silently occupied in smoking or knitting, according to the sex; while one among the rest, noted for his story-telling capability, relates the much-loved tale, that sends his listeners pale and trembling to their beds.

Such a circle as this were met around the hearthstone of old Farmer Gondhausen. The great wood fire shed its red light throughout the apartment, and as it danced merrily in the vast recess, now threw its glow far out into the dim corners of the great kitchen, causing the burnished tin and copper pans to shine like so many mirrors, and now sank down into a dark red mass, throwing dismal and ghost-like shadows into the faces of the assembled group, and left the far-off corners of the room in deeper darkness than before.

Farmer Gondhausen smoked his pipe gravely on one side of the fireplace. Vrow Katrine Gondhausen was busied with her knitting opposite. Mina Gondhausen, their eldest daughter, sat somewhat out of the glow of the fire, and by her side the young and handsome peddler, Karl Berthold. He was even further in the shade, and Mina's impish brother Brent, who amused himself with tumbling about in all parts of the room, on all fours, declared, though of course it was a mere freak of his boyish imagination, that the handsome young pedler ever and anon abstractedly stole his arm around his sister's waist, and drawing her face towards his own, then and there, in the shadow of the corner, when every one but the informer was otherwise interested—well, as Mina herself often said, "that the boy could fancy the most ridiculous things,"—in fact, if Mina's word was worth anything, no mortal youth was ever possessed of such powers of invention.

Two or three children besides Brent played upon the floor under the immediate supervision of a great shaggy farm dog, who blinked at the fire, and blinked at the lovers in the corner with his immense red mouth wide open, and blinked in the faces of his master and mistress, the farmer and his wife, but devoted the main portion of his attention to the gambols of the children on the hearth, as though they formed a charge placed under his own personal management and care.

Grandmother Gondhausen with one or two farm servants, completed the homely picture.

Farmer Gondhausen had been strongly pressed for a story. Grandmother Gondhausen wanted to hear one, because these love of the marvellous is always strong in the minds of the old. Vrow Katrine wished it, because it would soon send her into a comfortable nap over her knitting; the children wished most anxiously to hear it, simply because it is and always has been the nature of children so to do. Brent didn't care so much about it, save that it would be favorable to distract the attention of those present from an innocent undertaking he had on his hands at present under the table, that of tying the shoestrings of all present together, with a piece of stout cord, preparatory to noting the effect when one or more should essay to make a movement across the floor. And of course also, the lovers desired to hear it—lovers never care much what is said or done, so that no one interferes with them by either word or action, but leaves them free to their own pursuits.

Farmer Gondhausen being therefore so requested on all sides, took two or three preliminary puffs at his pipe, applied the contents of a certain mysterious tankard at his elbow to his lips, and clearing his throat thus began:

"On the borders of the forest, that skirts the base of the Hartz Mountains, resided many years ago a certain woodcutter, by name Heinrich Boorman. Nature in forming him had been anything but kindly, for in both face and form he was extremely repulsive. In height he could not have been over five feet, and his head surmounted with long shaggy locks of coarse, yellow hair, was of a size suited to a figure of almost gigantic proportions. He mingled but little with his fellowmen, and from his long and lonely wanderings in unfrequented parts of the forest, near which stood his wretched hut, had acquired a love of solitude and a mysterious manner, which gave rise to the opinion that he was hardly mortal, or at the least had dealings with beings not of this world. Far and near he was known by the name of the Forest Dwarf.

"No wonder was it, that pretty Bertha Werst trembled whenever he chanced to pass by her father's house, for as he came near, he would fix his chilish gray eyes upon her, and keep them there till he had passed completely out of sight, or till she, overcome with terror, would hastily retreat into the house. And as he almost every day chose the same pathway, her terror and aversion became each day more apparent. He ever plodded slowly by, never addressing her, but simply contenning himself with gazing upon her in silence.

"And now, the truth may as well be told, the fact of it all was, that the Forest Dwarf was deeply in love with the pretty maiden, and as he knew full well the hopelessness of his passion, took the only means of gratification in his power, and day by day went a considerable distance from his path to catch only a glance of her, as she busied herself with some outdoor occupation of her father's household.

"O, the hours he spent when all alone in the dim recesses of the forest, in moaning over his miserable lot. Why was he so accursed beyond his fellow-men, that the very children as he passed along, or met them in his way, ran shrieking from his presence, and told with trembling lips that they had seen the Forest Dwarf. He could have wished to lifted them in his arms and gently to have caressed them; but he knew full well they would sooner trust themselves within the embrace of some wild beast. Poor Heinrich, a sorry lot was his.

"The shades of evening had begun to descend upon the forest, and to wrap all objects in gloom, when he started towards his home. If possible, a greater desolation than usual hung over him, and as he plodded wearily homeward, he called up his imagination in forming pictures of a scene that might have been in store for him, had he but been shaped as other men were. *Then* there would perchance, have been the pleasant evening fireside, rendered still brighter by the cheerful smiles of a loving wife to meet his weary footsteps as he lifted the latch and stood within the doorway. Then would the voices of his children greeting his return might have rung melodiously in his ear. *Then* his weariness would be forgotten, and his heart bound with gratitude for the great happiness thus meted out to him. This could never be for him—he was so much accursed beyond his fellow-man.

"He felt weary—not of toil and labor only, but wearied and sick in heart and spirit, and so unmindful of the gathering darkness, threw himself down on the verge of a grassy slope, and as he lay there and thought, great tears of agony burst from his heart, and he wept like a little child.

"How long he lay there, he knew not, but he was suddenly started by hearing a voice by his side, addressing him:

"'Know you not,' said the voice, 'that the spot you are upon is enchanted ground, and that a fearful punishment awaits that mortal who shall thus dare to desecrate it?'

"He looked up and beheld a form fearful to look upon, towering over him. He could not distinguish it well in the obscurity, but he noted that its eyes shone like great coals of fire, and that its hair seemed composed of tangled masses of hissing, writhing serpents. It was some time before he could still the beating of his heart, but he at length made bold to answer.

"'Alas! I sinned in ignorance. I threw myself down indifferent to things in the world. All your punishments cannot equal the horrors of the life I lead here upon earth, so do your worst—even the terrors of the doomed cannot be far beyond the miseries I now endure.'

"'Well, and boldly spoken,' said the fiend. 'But were I to reward instead of punishing you—say for instance, that it were in my power to change all this, and render you as other men are, what thanks should I receive?'

"Heinrich felt the hot breath of the fiend upon his cheek, as he stooped over him and looked in his face to note the effect of his words. Full well he guessed his aim. The being continued:

"'What, if in the place of this hideous, misshapen trunk, I give thee a form fair and handsome as the best around thee? What if in the stead of thy rude hut I build thee a palace towering toward the clouds, and crowds of eager serfs to wait upon thy every look to minister to thy wants? And what—' the fiend drew still closer as he spoke—'what if I confer the power upon thee to gain the love of whomsoever thou shalt choose to fix thine heart upon?'

"'Wilt thou do this?' said the dwarf, springing to his feet—'the love saidst thou, of any that I may choose?'

"'Ay, even so.'

"The dwarf paused a moment, and spoke more slowly:

"'And thy recompense for all this kindness, is—' in silence, and with a feeling of terror at his heart, he awaited his reply.

"'Um! I shall need a recompense—canst thou not guess it? Unless in the space of twenty years thou canst give to me in exchange for thine own—I am to be the possessor of thy soul. Pause, and consider well, ere thou dost refuse. I offer thee a lifetime of happiness, and a chance for thy escape as well, for in twenty years, surely thou canst find me a soul in the stead of thine own forfeited one. Now thine answer?'

"The dwarf paused and pondered. He tried to frame a prayer for aid to resist the strong temptation. It came not to his lips though, and with a sigh he at length consented, and the fearful compact was ratified with his blood.

"He signed his name with a trembling hand, and as he finished, the air was filled with wild yells and shrieks of hideous laughter. A dizziness came over him, and he sank down upon the ground.

"When he aroused himself, and looked around he saw that it was broad day, and that he was alone. He looked bewildered around him for a moment, and then as he made a step forward, stumbled over some object upon the ground at his feet. Looking down, he saw with terror that a body shaped as his own lay there lifeless and motionless. He advanced toward a clear brook which he remembered stood not far from thence, and glancing therein was still more astounded to perceive a handsome face and figure reflected therein, in the place of his own hideous shape. The demon had kept his word.

"He walked slowly towards his home, and was again bewildered as he perceived a magnificent mansion standing on the place where was once his own miserable hut. While he stood in hesitation as to his next course, a troop of domestics came forth from the marble portal of the mansion, and with many a lowly obeisance besought him to enter and refresh himself after his walk

"He entered, and his eye was dazzled by the sight of magnificence hitherto undreamed of. His every want was supplied ere it was well-formed, and yet so gently and gracefully, that the attention was not in the least obtrusive.

"At length, after enjoying for a time the various gratifications that awaited only his beck and nod, he turned his thoughts toward the fair girl who had attracted his despairing sight, when he was the hideous and misshapen Forest Dwarf. He visited the abode of Farmer Werst, and after revealing the affection which he said had sprung up within his heart on seeing her as he accidentally rode by on his way towards his palace, ended by demanding his consent to offer her his hand in marriage. The farmer quite overwhelmed with the great honor conferred upon him, by one so apparently high above him, gave a willing assent; and as the pretty Bertha had been quickly fascinated by the handsome appearance of the stranger, there was no need of long delay, and they were accordingly married.

"And so time rolled on, and he became the father of two children, a boy and a girl. He lavished his affection equally on both, and with the happiness of possessing the love of Bertha, his wife, and being likewise surrounded with all that could minister to his pleasure, he might have been blessed indeed, but for the dread fatality hanging over him, and poisoning his moments when he would fain have given way to forgetfulness.

"The twenty years were rolling rapidly by, and yet he could not determine as to whose wretched soul should be the substitute for his own. The only beings over whom he could possess sufficient influence to obtain it, were his wife and children, and the thought of these dear ones being the victims, was horrible to think of. Every day he felt all his love for them increase, and every day brought him nearer to the hour when he was to decide between them and himself.

"His son grew gradually up into a fine manly youth, and his daughter became a sweet little creature, just such as he remembered to have once seen standing at the door of Farmer Werst's cottage years agone. The more he watched their mutual growth, the more he became determined that he could not consent that either of them should come to harm. And then, Bertha, his wife. She noted the furrows that care began to imprint upon his brow, and by all the little tokens of affection in her power, sought to drive the clouds from his troubled soul. Was this to be the reward of devotion such as this? No, it could not, and it should not be!

"With agony he saw that the day and hour approached. With bloodshot eye he watched the movements of the dial, and counted almost the seconds that would yet elapse ere he should meet his doom. There was no help for it—in mute despair he sat down and awaited the fulfilment of the demon's dreadful contract.

"It came at length. The finger of the timepiece was within the boundaries of the hour. He sat alone in his own apartment, and with his muscles hard and set, and his lips pale and closely joined together, awaited the issue.

"His wife and children were retired to rest, he could not summon the courage to break the dreadful secret to them. The house was wrapped in deep silence, and darkness and gloom had settled over the surface of the dim earth.

"The hand of the clock grew nearer—nearer—and then at last fairly touched the dreaded hour! A peal of thunder rent the sky, and the lightning for a moment filled the room with sulphurous vapor. When it cleared away, there stood the well-remembered form of the demon.

"They stood gazing at one another's faces for a moment in silence, and then the fiend spoke:

"'Heinrich Boorman, are you prepared with a substitute for your own immortal soul, or do you stand ready to fulfil the requirements of the contract which is signed with your own life-blood?'

"He held out the scroll towards him as he spoke.

"'I am *not* prepared,' said Heinrich, firmly, 'with any soul in the stead of my own unhappy one. The hour has come, and I bow submissive to my dreadful doom.'

"'But,' said the demon, 'surely if you had tried, you might have found one in your place. Your wife and children—you could have sacrificed one of these.'

"'Peace, fiend! I will not even that a hair of their dear heads should be injured!'

"'Be not too rash. Suppose, now, that I indulge thee, and say that I will give thee five years more—wilt thou swear to attempt the accomplishment of the task?'

"'No! tempting fiend, I will not listen to thee. From the mocking smile upon thy lips, I begin to think that thou wouldst have played me false. That thou didst feel assured of one victim in me, and now wouldst fain add another to the power that thou dost wield. I tell thee again, that I am ready!'

"The fiend uttered a fierce yell of mingled rage and disappointment at perceiving himself thus baffled. Another fierce crash of thunder, and Heinrich felt that the floor was giving way beneath him. He felt the grasp of the demon laid upon him, and closed his eyes in horror and despair.

"'Down! down!' he seemed to be descending—down, down, into the unfathomable depths of woe. Down! down! down!

"He felt himself strike the bottom at length, and springing to his feet gazed around him bewilderingly; the thunder still rang in his ear, and the air was filled with blinding flashes of lurid lightning. He glanced in terror around, and as the red light shone about him, saw that he was standing in the midst of a forest. As his eye became still more accustomed to the darkness, he fairly uttered a scream of delight to find that he stood in the well remembered wood skirting the base of the Hartz Mountains, and that all that had required since the moment of casting himself down upon the earth had been a hideous dream.

"He had tossed about in his unquiet sleep, and approaching the edge of the slope near which he lay, had rolled down, and this it was that he had fancied when he felt himself sinking as he supposed through the air in the grasp of the demon. He was again the hideous Forest Dwarf, but the knowledge was a source of the deepest joy and happiness. Perish all the dreams of a higher estate! he was now contented with his lot. Taking up his axe he wended his way homeward, pondering on the subject of his dream, when as he stood upon an eminence he saw the light of a burning building shining over the country. Some habitation struck with lightning, he thought, as he hurried towards it to offer his aid. As he approached still closer, he saw that it was none other than the house of Farmer Werst which was in flames.

"Arrived there, a scene of dreadful nature was presented. All of the family had escaped from the burning building save one, and no soul could hope to succeed in saving that one now, the flames having reached too great a power.

"'Who is it—who is it?' eagerly asked the dwarf.

"They forgot their terror and repugnance of him in the overwhelming horror of the moment, and told him, distractedly, that it was Bertha!

"He waited to hear no more, but sprang like a tiger into the burning ruins. A moment of agonizing suspense followed, and as he re-appeared with the fainting and senseless form in his arms, one wild shout of joy went up to Heaven from all who stood around.

"The dwarf placed his burden in the arms of her parents, and then essayed to make a step, but staggered and then fell heavily upon his face.

"They raised him up, and conveyed him to the nearest house, and every restorative was tried in vain to ease him. He had been mortally injured, and it was apparent to all that his recovery was hopeless.

"They all stood around him as he lay writhing in pain, and Bertha, herself it was, that held the cup to his lips, and applied the various remedies to alleviate his agony. All to no purpose. He whispered her name. She leant down towards him.

"'Thou hast felt a horror of me whenever thine eye has caught the sight of mine fixed on thee. Thou wilt never more have cause to fear me now. I am dying, and it is a blessed death that I die, since your face is near me and your pleasant voice sounding in my ear. I have but *one* request to make, and I pray you will not refuse it.'

"'Name it, and if 'tis in my power be assured that I will do it, be it what it may.'

"'Forget that I am hideous and unsightly, and while the soul is yet trammelled in its tenement of clay let me feel your lips pressed upon my cheek. 'Tis all that I shall ever desire—do not refuse me.'

"She gently stooped down beside his lowly cot, and bending her soft curls over his face, she pressed her lips upon his parched and burning ones. He smiled a joy and peace as she did so, and then sank back upon the cot. His soul had flown away to the realms of the far unseen, and the form of immortality now replaced the shape of terror that he bore on earth. The Forest Dwarf was dead!"

Farmer Gondhausen looked around him. Mina had hidden her face upon the shoulder of her lover, and was silently weeping for the fate of the poor dwarf. Vrow Gondhausen was fast asleep over her knitting, and Grandmother Gondhausen was nodding in unison and breathing forth an accompaniment to the sounds emitted by her slumbering daughter-in-law. The great dog had been a few moments before aroused by the mischief-loving Brent who had placed the cat upon his back, and he now sat on his haunches, panting and lolling his great tongue out at the dying embers of the fire. The children, with the exception of the young gentleman alluded to, were laid away under the table, in unconsciousness of all passing events, and the dim shadows of the far-off corners of the great kitchen were sunk in darkness, while the burnished tin and copper had shrouded its lustre in the gathering gloom. The farm servants glanced in one another's faces that looked lurid and terrible in the ghostly hue of the dying fire-glow, and when they started finally for bed, all accidentally started at once, and ascended the oaken stairs in a compact body. By accident, also, not a soul of them slept alone that night. There were as many as four in one of the larger beds in the servants' sleeping room.

EAR-RINGS.

These jewels are worn by all nations. In the East Indies, they are made the size of saucers, and are generally of gold and precious jewels. In order to admit these immense ear-rings, an incision is made through the ear, and a filament, formed of cocoanut leaves, tightly rolled around, is thrust into the opening. The filament is constantly enlarged, till it has wrenched the orifice to two inches in diameter, and the perfection required being then attained, the wound is allowed to heal, and the ear laden with every kind of ornament.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It has been said that men will betray the characteristics of their nation in their conversation. It chanced that this point was under discussion by a group of passengers and the captain of one of our clipper ships, during a recent passage across the Atlantic. It was a fine day, and most of the passengers, both cabin and steerage, were upon deck. The group above mentioned had been commenting upon the bluntness of the English, cautious shrewdness of the Scotch, and the ready wit of the Irish, when the captain, taking the cigar from his lips, pointed towards the forward part of the ship, where, at different points, he indicated a native of each of the three nations. He then proposed to wager that he would ask each of them the same question separately, and that the answer of each would be an illustration of his national characteristic. This proposition being acceded to, it was decided that the question should be, "What will you take to climb to the masthead?" and the party moved forward to put the experiment to the test.

The first one accosted was the Englishman, who was slowly pacing the deck. "John," said the captain, "what will you take to climb to the masthead?" John glanced upwards an instant, and then exclaimed with characteristic bluntness, "I'll take five pound." A smile from the group proclaimed the success of this trial.

The Scotchman was next approached; he was a sandy-complexioned, sharp-eyed fellow, and was seated upon a sea-chest, darning a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. "Sawny," said the captain, jingling the silver in his pocket as he approached him, "what will you take to climb to the mainhead?" Sawney's ears pricked up at the sound of the coin, and as he slowly and cautiously measured the height with his eye, without rising from his seat, he replied, with the caution that's blue eye twinkled as he turned it upward, and a look of irresistible comicality played upon his phiz, as he replied, *"Shure I think I'd take a bad cowld, intirely."—Traveller.*

AGE.

But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional, mental, or bodily toil, or by accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, cooked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live long—I than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow up to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on the average, forty times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Blackwood.*

News Glances.

CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—Crawford's grand equestrian statue of Washington, for Virginia, is entirely finished at Munich, Germany. Great interest was taken there in the casting of the colossal work, and the foundry was visited by the King and Queen of Bavaria, and the Empress of Austria. The king afterwards expressed great pleasure to Mr. Crawford at seeing the statue.

POSTING THE BOOKS.—The imports of foreign merchandise at the port of New York for the fiscal year which terminated on the 30th of June, amounted to $199,022,000, or the excess of $40,000,000 over the previous year—of which excess, about one half, or more than $22,000,000, were in foreign dry goods.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.—Professor Giovanni Caselli, of Florence, is said to have invented an apparatus by which the telegraphic wire will transmit to any distance an exact facsimile of any writing or design, when made to communicate with a similar apparatus at the other station

PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Washington Union states that on the 1st of June, 1856, the total debt of the United States amounted to $40,049,309 75. Since that time this amount has been reduced to $32,963,892 98.

DROUGHT IN MISSOURI.—A severe drought is prevailing in the vicinity of St. Louis. The oat crop, timothy and other grains, the Republican says, are literally burning up. It is feared also that the corn crop will be a failure.

WISCONSIN.—There are eleven railroads in Wisconsin, the entire length of which, when completed, will be 635 miles. Four hundred and thirty-two miles are now finished.

COFFEE IN CALIFORNIA.—It is stated that coffee can be successfully cultivated in the south part of California, and that it will eventually become an article of export from that State.

ICE IN JUNE.—On the 30th of June, at about 50 feet below the American Fall at Niagara, there still remained a cake of ice weighing probably twenty-five tons.

NEW YORK.—The real and personal property to be assessed in New York the year amounts in valuation to $517,880,892, being thirty millions more than last year.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

We are glad to see that some of our contemporaries have gallantry enough to enter their protest against the prevailing fashion of charging all the extravagance of the day upon the fairer portion of society. Every now and then a philippic is fulminated against Cashmere shawls, diamonds, laces, sables, satins, silks and hoops. "No wonder so many merchants fail—poor fellows! It's all owing to the extravagance of their wives." "If it wasn't for the women we should never hear of a financial crisis,"—and remarks of a like tenor. Considering how large a proportion of the organs of publicity is in the hands of men, and how severely the foibles of women are handled in papers and periodicals managed by their own sex, it strikes us as peculiarly ungenerous to take advantage of a strong position to assail the weak. It would be ungenerous, if these sweeping charges were true but they are untrue. Some women are extravagant, but extravagance is by no means confined to them. For every single case of female extravagance we could find twenty of male prodigality, and for every case of stern self denial on the part of a man, ten examples of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of a woman.

A woman's extravagance is visible to every eye. It generally takes shape in some article of dress—a costly shawl, a costly bonnet, a rare jewel. One of these indulgences in the course of a year suffices to fix her with the charge of wastefulness. But a man's extravagance is not so readily measured. The world cannot reckon up the cigars he smokes, the sherry cobblers he drinks, the bets he makes and loses, the thousand little *sub rosa* outgoes, that in the course of the year swell to an aggregate which renders his better-half's folly utterly insignificant.

When we preach against extravagance as one of the besetting sins of the day, let us be impartial; let both sexes share the blame. We *are* getting to be an extravagant people—men, women and children. Our infants are tricked out in a shocking amount of finery; and though we male bipeds don't ruffle it quite so gallantly in plumes and laces, and feathers and swords, as our remote ancestry, still we spend quite too much upon the mere article of dress. If thereby we added to the delight of the eye, if thereby we made picturesque groups for concert-rooms, or promenades, it would not be so bad an affair; but what meaning is there in a stove-pipe hat and a black dress coat? What is there refreshing to the eye in a modern sack and pair of pantaloons? Nothing—absolutely nothing.

Then we are extravagant in eating. Our diet is too dainty and too copious. We are extravagant in our houses—we are extravagant in the use of fuel. The people of the days of that Highland chieftain, who kicked the pillow of snow from under his son's head when they were sleeping on the wintry moor, because he would not have the young gentleman too particular about his resting place, were far hardier and healthier than we are. How few there are among us who rise to see the day

"Stand jocund on the misty mountain top."

We are as prodigal of our health as we are of our money, and constitutional bankruptcies are as common among us as financial ones. The fact is, that, great and glorious, and go ahead as we are, we have our faults; and as the first step to reforming them is to see them, so we are glad that there are lay preachers on the topic of extravagance who are not afraid to comment freely on this sin. Doubtless there will be a change of theory and practice one of these days, but we should like to see this change at once. A restoration of the republican habits of the past century would be a blessing to this country.

CAT AND BIRD FIGHT.

A friend in the country noticed a very singular encounter a few days since. A good sized cat had caught a little chipping bird, and was rushing off with her prey, when a king-bird, attracted by the cries of the victim, came to the rescue and gave a loud alarm, which was answered by a whole swarm of king-birds and swallows, which attacked the cat with such ferocity that she was soon compelled to drop her victim. But this was not all—her feathered avengers were not content with this. They pursued the cat, continually pecking at her, until she found shelter under a barn, creeping through a crevice, where her tormentors did not venture to follow her.

NEXT TO IT.—"Have you any experience in stage business?" was the inquiry put by Sol Smith, the theatrical manager, to a verdant aspirant for histrionic fame. "No," was the reply; "but I have a brother who drives an omnibus, and I have been myself in the cabbing line."

TO SHIPMASTERS.—Who invented "heaving the log?" Jupiter, when he hove down a log to be king of the croakers. How do you "take the sun?" If it's my son, I take him by the nape of the neck.

THE NECROMANCER.—Signor Blitz is round in this diggings again, with his amusing tricks and ventriloquism. Go and see him, reader, wherever you can find him.

UNFORTUNATE.—The actor who couldn't sit in the same room with the tea-urn on account of its hissing, has been killed by a burst of applause.

A VISITOR.—A. M. Holbrook, of the N. O. Picayune, has been north on a visit to his friends.

THE TABLES TURNED.

We have often heard of tricks upon travellers practised by landlords, of swindling hotel-keepers and sharp guests, but it is not often that the sufferings and wrongs of "mine host" are properly appreciated. But the secret history of the palatial hotels with which New York abounds teems with the guilty doings of Jeremy Diddlers in genteel clothing, whose appetites are satisfied by means of matchless effrontery and audacious ingenuity.

"Mine host" of the Astor has suffered of late and his vigilance been awakened by repeated frauds upon his hospitality. No one who has seen the flood of human beings that daily inundate the dining-room of a first-class New York hotel, can fail to have reflected on the facility which the crowd and bustle affords to dinnerless gentlemen of lax principles and eager appetites to obtain their "provant," as Dugald Dalgetty says, in the midst of the throng, and then slip away without furnishing *a quid pro quo*. In fact, such a thing, we are told, is often done. But to avoid this losing game, hotel keepers are accustomed to employ special watchers whose attention is exclusively devoted to distinguishing the parasites from the legitimate diners.

The office is no sinecure, in proof of which we may mention that Mr. Patrick Devey, who performs this delicate duty at the Astor House, has detected no fewer than one hundred and fifty fraudulent diners in the course of six months. The other day this Vidocq of the dining-table "spotted" an elegant gentleman of faultless appearance, who partook of the various courses on the table with the nonchalance of a man of the world well to do, who pays his way and fears the face of nobody. The bold detective ascertained beyond a doubt that this elegant gentleman did not lodge at the hotel, and moreover that he was a follower of the Ancient Pistol who expressly declared, "Base is the slave that pays."

The special detective accordingly made so bold as to lay hands upon this "glass of fashion and mould of form," just as he was retiring with the air of a man at ease with his conscience and his appetite. The dandy gave a stare of indignant surprise when he was arrested, and wondered "what the fellah meant." He was, however, politely requested to accompany his captor to the office of his honor the mayor There he declared that he had been invited to dine at the Astor House, but when requested to name his entertainer, his memory suddenly failed him. He however tendered a one dollar bill in payment for his dinner, and hoped that would make it all right. Unfortunately for him, however, it appeared that he had been dining a whole week at the expense of Mr. Stetson, and the judge, undazzled by the dress and gentlemanly manners of the defendant, sentenced him for three months to Blackwell's Island. He is now in that delightful retreat, experiencing the delicious novelty of working for his dinner. Let us hope that the habit thus formed will be kept up after he is once more liberated, and once more gladdens Broadway with the glory of his presence. To what humiliations will some men subject themselves, rather than submit to the lot of humanity —earning their food by the sweat of brow or brain!

YANKEE DIALOGUE.—"I say, mister, you haint seen a small calf go 'long by here, have you? about three, three and a half or four months old, within an hour, an hour and a half, or three hours, have you?"

"Wal, yaas. There *was* a calf went by here this mornin', I should say, about a mile, a mile and a half or two miles an hour, with a white spot on his flank about the size of a dollar, a dollar and a half or two dollars, as nigh as I could calculate."

A MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE.—At the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Depot, in Baltimore, is said to be the largest engine in the United States. It has 12 wheels 14 inches in diameter, 22 inch stroke, 11 feet fire box, and weighs 33 tons. This engine has been built as an experimental one, to test the practicability of drawing a train of six passenger cars up the heavy grades on the road (of which some are 117 feet to the mile), at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour.

ASTRONOMICAL.—By means of his monster telescope, Lord Rosse discovered that the moon was made of green cheese. It was hinted that the chief inhabitants were Welsh rabbits. This is a reflection on that body, but it must be remembered that the instrument was a reflecting telescope.

A PROPER SPIRIT.—A Scotchman, whom a neighbor had neglected to invite to the funeral of one of his family, was much hurt and offended, and exclaimed: "Aweel, aweel, we'll hae a corpse o' our ain in our ain house some day—and *then* we'll see who'll be invited."

ATROCIOUS.—A female witness at a recent trial in Paris of a wife for the murder of her husband, speaking of the deportment of the deceased towards his worser half, said: "He loved her so well that you wouldn't have believed she was his wife."

PHONOGRAPHY.—A letter was lately received in the Boston Post Office with this direction: "tu doktur H. tuth-doktur in boston massy choosits." A fact.

A NAVAL HERO.—Lieut. Henry Rolando, of the U. S. Navy, who so nobly distinguished himself in an attack on pirates in the Chinese seas, several months ago, has arrived home.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—Of one hundred and thirty cheap newspapers started in England since the repeal of the stamp duties, only thirty survive.

A DEFINITION.—Sheridan, being asked to define the word "nothing," replied, "the extent of our knowledge."

EARLY CLOSING.—The carpet dealers in this city now close their stores at six o'clock, P. M.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

In June the loafers in Minnesota Penitentiary gave leg bail and haven't yet been taken.

Moses Godard, who goes up with the balloon on horseback, is quite a lion.

Jim Myers's show is one of the best managed circus concerns in the country.

The water-works at the Sydenham (England) Crystal Palace, are said to be splendid.

Mr. Bancroft has caused to be prepared a new map of Braddock's battle-field.

Commodore Perry's "Japan Expedition" is selling like hot cakes.

The brass propeller for the U. S. States steamer Roanoke weighs 27,000 pounds.

Our government continues to remain on the very best terms with France.

No woman, however beautiful, can be attractive if she is slovenly.

The Cambridge horse railroad lately took one thousand dollars in one day.

Twenty-one thousand pianos are made in the United States each year by 3500 workmen.

The bulk of the planet Mars is seven and a half times less than our globe.

Lead water pipes laid properly under ground will last a century.

Postage-stamps were invented by a Swedish artillery officer in 1820.

John M. Strange was lately married to Elizabeth Stranger—not at all strange, though.

Seventeen thousand Tartars were lately forced to migrate from the Crimea to the Dodbrudscha.

It is stated that Beranger is about to publish another volume of poems.

The christening of Louis Napoleon's heir was a brilliant and costly affair.

The coin speculators at Chicago have recently met with ruinous losses.

How we shall be flooded with foreign news when the trans-atlantic telegraph works!

A monument is to be erected in Paris to the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his wife.

The Ohio wine crop is estimated at 500,000 gallons—worth a round sum.

The government of the Sandwich Islands is building an inter-insular steamer.

Austria has not at present one ship of the line afloat.

A LITERARY STAR.

The eastern world has lately suffered a great loss in the death, at Paris, of Augustin Thierry, the author of the "Conquest of England by the Normans," one of the most brilliant historical works of the age. Thierry was born without fortune, and commenced life without protectors; but he was self-reliant and enthusiastically devoted to letters. The labors requisite for the production of his history cost him his eyesight and his health. Yet for thirty years, compelled to use an amanuensis, and with a shattered body, but a resolute spirit and unimpaired mind, he followed the pursuits of literature, constantly making new acquisitions and dispensing new light to the world. Insailable of perfection, like all great minds, the last act of his life was to dictate a slight change of phrase in "The Conquest of England by the Normans," which he commenced at four o'clock in the morning, three days before his death. He never spoke again. In a short time afterwards the supreme struggle between life and death was engaged. It lasted for three days. He was buried at Montmarire, his funeral being attended by the whole Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and his pall borne by MM. Mignet, Naudet, Ary Scheffer, and Laboulaye. Not long before his departure, and while meditating upon that awful event (he was a sincere and devout Christian), and reviewing his past career, he said to his amanuensis: "Had I to begin my life again, I would again set out in the path which has led me where I am. Blind and suffering, without hope and without intermission, I may say, without giving testimony which can be suspected, there is something in this world better than material pleasures, better than fortune, better than health itself—and this is attachment to science."

"THE GOLD FIEND."—The demand for this extremely interesting story in *The Flag of our Union* has exceeded even that for the "Greek Adventurer." This is highly gratifying to us, as it evinces the fact that we fully meet the public taste in our liberal endeavors to please. We shall continue these excellent novelettes, from the best pens in the country.

A BENIGHTED COUNTRY.—An American, writing from England, says: "Would you believe it? They have no clams, no buckwheat cakes, no green corn, no canvass-back ducks, no peanuts, no sweet potatoes, no watermelons, no hickory nuts, and no Fourth of July!"

COST OF WAR.—Our second war with England, though cheap compared with most wars, cost us nearly $30,000,000 a year. Our Revolutionary war cost England more than $600,000,000, and her wars with Napoleon more than $5,000,000,000!

WEALTH OF BOSTON.—The aggregate property of the "solid men of Boston" is estimated at $300,000,000. Probably about fifteen or twenty millions are carned by the 600,000 tons of shipping owned in this thriving little village.

ECCENTRIC.—An eastern editor remarks that he came near going into fits the other day on seeing an intoxicated man try to pick up the shadow of a swinging sign, which he mistook for his pocket handkerchief.

A MYSTERY.—Parts of three human skeletons were lately found in the canal at Lee Centre, Mass. There is no clue to the tragedy, of which this seems to be an indication.

RELICS.—Implements of war and other articles sunk in the capture of Louisburg by the English, in 1745, have been lately raised.

A REASON.—Lord Erskine late in life married his cook, as the only way to secure her services, she having threatened to leave him.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Gipsey's Secret; or, The League of Guilt," a story of high and humble life, by the author of "The CONTRABANDIST."

"Equal Quality," verses by Mrs. J. C. F——.

"The East-Indiaman," a tale by Commodore H. RAMAGE.

"A Truth," stanzas by WILLIAM HOWARD LAWRENCE.

"Cologne—its Lore and Alarms," a story by FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"The Council Fire," a tale of the Gem of the Jerseys, by Rev. PERLEY ITOBE.

"No," a poem by Mrs. M. W. CURTIS.

"The Wine's Stratagem," a story by MARY A. LOWELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine characteristic design by Billings, representing the State Arms of New Jersey, with appropriate surroundings.

A representation of one of Wilkie's Scotch paintings, delineating the well-known domestic amusement of the Shadow on the Wall.

A pretty view, delineating a fishing scene—the Return from the Beach.

Scenes in Syracuse, New York.—first, a view in Salina Street; second, picture of the Orphan Asylum; third, the Market; and fourth, the Unitarian Church.

Portrait of Thomas Comer, the veteran musical conductor.

Representation of Deer-Stalking in Germany.

An Esquimaux scene. Spearing the Narwhal.

The Young Artist—interior of the studio of a Spanish painter of the 17th century.

** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Lamartine's debts are said to amount to two million francs.

The Sultan has made a magnificent present to Miss Nightingale.

The Court Journal has a story about a French trumpeter who lays claim to an English earldom.

A Dutch company has just been formed for the construction of a net-work of railways in the north of Holland.

Plants of the snow drop, collected in the Crimea by Dr. Sinclair, have been raised in the Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh, Scotland.

The king of Naples answers the remonstrances and the appeals of Europe against the political trials. His conduct is still marked by the brutality of an unmitigated tyrant.

A subterranean railroad is now being laid down in Paris, in the middle of the Boulevard du Sebastopol. It will connect the *halles* or markets with the railroads in the vicinity.

In South Shields, England, a young woman was cleaning a sewer, when she found two gold ear-rings inside of it. How they got there is one of the mysteries of the ocean.

The French government, it is stated, is about to obtain for preservation in the public archives, photographic portraits of all the most eminent men, whether in science, literature or art, now living on French soil.

The cholera has again appeared in the western and southwestern suburbs of Vienna. There have been cases in the Gumpendorf, Shottenfeld and Alser suburbs, where the disease was very prevalent at this time last year

The jewels recently stolen from the Madrid Chapel, and which were worth 7,000,000 reals, have, in consequence of a communication made by one of the thieves, been found buried in a vacant piece of ground near the principal prison.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

The best certificate of a man's character is, "He keeps his promises."

Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good gets none.

The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody.

A wise lady has said, "If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example."

He who forgets the fountain out of which he drank, and the trees under whose shade he gamboled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of a human heart.

"Though it is not in your power," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, or a mathematician, it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all."

Ah, could the *bloom* of youth return with its *fullness!* Time is never so cruel as when, whilst stealing from us the power to please, he leaves us in full vigor the unhappy privilege to be charmed.

"Life is sweet, and death is bitter," said Sir Anthony Weldon to Bishop Hooper, at the stake. "True, friend," replied Hooper, "but the life to come is more sweet, and the death to come more bitter."

Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

Pride, ill-nature and want of sense are the three great sources of ill manners. Without some one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a jackass like an Illinois corn field? Because he's a mule on corn.

The man who "shot at random" did not hit it—he has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality.

In Florida they put thieves in the pillory and pelt them with rotten eggs. Ever after they are "in bad odor."

A paper out West has for a motto, "Good will to all men, when they pay promptly. Devoted to news, fun—making money."

"Sir," said a man, defending rather a notorious character, "I assure you it is all pure innocence." "I quite agree with you," replied the other; "it is pure in-no-sense."

Cleanliness is carried to a greater length in Holland than in any other country. To keep the cows clean, when placed in the barn, their tails are wrapped in brown paper and laid upon a shelf behind them.

If you have a rich aunt, don't talk to her about billiards, and brandy and water. Should you be talking to a thin lady of a consumptive turn you needn't describe the party alluded to as a "scraggy old maid."

A young lady in the millinery line was deserted by her adorer, and broke forth in this way: "Such a denial ought to be bathed to death with thimbles and buried in a bandbox."

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?" "He's a philanthropist, sir." "A what?" "A philanthropist. He collects money for Central Africa, and builds houses out of the proceeds."

"Has that cookery book any *pictures?*" said Miss C. to a bookseller. "No, none," was the answer. "Why," exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no *plates?*"

Quill and Scissors.

The deficiency in the French Budget in the last three years is twelve hundred millions of francs. Seventy-six millions were spent in useless public buildings, fifty millions were paid out of the public treasury to keep down the price of bread in Paris to prevent riots, and the Industrial Exhibition cost eleven millions. The disorder at the imperial christening cost two hundred thousand francs.

Mr. George Guy, living at Ocean View, in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va. recently set fire to his house, and it was consumed with one of his children. He had been on a spree for some time previous to the melancholy tragedy and for the past few days had shown evident signs of a return of insanity with which he was afflicted.

The vessel sent out by the telegraph company from New York to recover the submarine telegraph cable lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has just returned, having succeeded in recovering in good order a large portion of the cable. She will proceed immediately with it to New York.

A squirrel hunt lately came off at Columbus, in Warren county, Pa. The number of animals killed was 5010, of which there were woodchucks 363, red squirrels 700, chipmucks 2400, black squirrels 469. The balance was made up of porcupines, coons, hawks, blackbirds, etc.

The sailors attached to the steamer Saranac, recently paid off at Philadelphia, presented over $100 to an invalid who returned home in that ship. His shipmates of the Susquehanna, to which vessel he had been attached, also made a subscription of $500 for his benefit.

Miss Morris, residing on the Third Avenue, New York, retired to bed one night, lately, taking a book with her to read, but fell asleep without extinguishing the light. By some means the bedclothes took fire, and she was so badly burned that she is not expected to recover.

Egg Rock light-house, three miles from Lynn and Swampscott, and one mile from Nahant, has been completed, at a cost of $5700. It is of stone, thirty-two feet square and seventeen feet high, with a cupola for the light ten feet high from the main roof.

The deepest water in the harbor of New York is off Fort Washington, in the Hudson River. Here a depth of one hundred and thirty-five feet is found. The deepest water in the Narrows is but little more than a hundred feet.

The German journals announce that Baron Marie de Weber, son of the great composer, possesses the manuscript of an opera by his father, which has never been published. It is entitled *Peter Schmoll.*

The Hon. James Buchanan is a graduate of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and was a member of the Union Philosophical Society, whose sixty-seventh anniversary was celebrated the 8th of July.

Eleven children were born on the steamer St. Nicholas, recently, on a trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, with a company of German emigrants.

The Mormons of Beaver Island, instead of leaving that locality voluntarily, as represented, are being driven out with a rush by the original settlers.

Among the novelties of commerce, we notice at Chicago the charter of a vessel for Liverpool, with a full cargo of wheat, at thirty cents per bushel, freight.

The grand jury of the county of Bernalillo, in New Mexico, have indicted Governor Merriweather for his inefficient management of the Territory.

There are about 500,000,000 of embalmed Egyptians in the Nile mummy pits. Dr. Deck thinks they would make good printing paper.

The steamer Aquila lately arrived in Lake Michigan from the Mississippi River—an event in Northwestern history.

The pope at Rome has lately made six new cardinals—three Italians, two Austrians, and one Frenchman.

It is predicted that Philadelphia and Baltimore will once again be the eastern outlets to western trade.

Don't drive your horses fast during the dog-days. Their sufferings, remember, are unspeakable.

The New York boys amuse themselves by throwing torpedoes from windows on ladies.

The last surviving son of the German poet, Wieland, lately died at Weimar, in Saxony.

James Gelson, the oldest member of the Philadelphia bar, recently died, aged 82 years.

Many Indian memorials and curiosities have lately been exhumed at Chicago.

The Rev. Mr. Pease intends to explore the interior of Africa thoroughly.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles Roby to Miss Mary A. Coffin.

By Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Joseph Tillinghast to Miss Amelia Maria Osborne.

By Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Amos Binney to Mrs. N. E. Cusk.

By Rev Mr. Barry, Mr. Anthony Hamm to Miss Caroline E. Haskell.

By Rev. Dr. Flint, Mr. Ebenezer Woodbury to Mrs. Harriet Sawyer.

By Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Alpheus B. Chase to Miss Abby C. Litter.

By Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. Francis S. Williams to M'elle Barocilee Henry, of Paris, France.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Nathaniel W. Broad to Miss Mary E. Lane.

At South Braintree, by Rev. Mr. Haynes, Mr. Isaac Bass, of Quincy, to Miss Georgiana Hayden.

At Abington, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Hamilton L. Mainton to Miss Frances J. Abbott, both of North Abington. Mr. James Hill to Miss Jane Land

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. John V. Hazelton, of Boston, to Miss Mary P. Smith.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy to Miss Elizabeth B. Mosher

At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. William Dunbar to Miss Mary Jane Morgan.

At New Bedford, by Rev Mr How, Mr. John Ashworth to Miss Mary Madder.

At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Hepworth, Mr. Allen B. Fuller to Miss Hannah M. Fitzgerald.

At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Prindle, Mr. John C. Nichols to Miss Almira W. Stiles.

Deaths.

In this city, John Rayner, Esq. 77. Mr. Nathaniel Sylvester, 59; Miss Nancy H. Foster, 70; Mr. William Moody, 27. Mrs. Mabel Dunbar; Mr. Edmund Maglathlin, 58; Mrs. Emily D. Mills, 31

At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah C. Hutchinson, 58.

At North Chelsea, Capt. Philip Eaton, 75.

At Needham, Mr. Oliver Hudson, of Boston, 68

At Brookline, Miss Sarah Eliot Parkins, 62.

At West Roxbury, Miss Rebecca G. Morton, 39.

At Salem, Mr. James Frye, 41; Widow Elma B. Gordon, 78. Mrs. Margaret B. Harrington, 61

At Beverly, Mr. Edward Stone, 74. Mrs. Nancy Poole, of Newburyport, 74.

At Hull, Miss Jane Loring Cushing, 20.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Abigail Kilborn, 86.

At Lowell, Miss Martha Bradley, 29.

At Gloucester, Mr. Amos Caleb Pool.

At Rockport, Mrs. Lucretia Norwood, 83.

At Pittsfield, Mrs. Abbie Gallagher, wife of Mr. John Smith, 32.

At Shrewsbury, Mr. Arnold L. Allen, 54.

At New Bedford, Mr. William M. Allen, 54. Mrs. Susan H. Fuller, 59.

At New Salem, Mrs. Joanna Vaughn, 54.

At Leyden, Mrs. Betsey F., wife of Rev. William Tisdale, 57.

At Plymouth, Mr. William King, 72; Widow Jerusha Bodine, 86; Mr. David McCammon, 61.

At Pittsfield, Den. Levi Stratford, 62.

At West Roxbury, Widow Polly Temple, 82.

At Westboro, Mr. Noyes Brigad, 74.

At Middleboro', Mr. Ezekiel Tucker, 87.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE UNLOVED.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

I wander round my splendid home,
A sad and sorrowing child,
And oft I wish that I could roam,
To some lone desert wild.
For no one speaks a kindly word
To one they call so plain;
And not a pitying sigh is heard,
When I am racked by pain.

My mother strokes the golden hair
Of my darling sister oft,
And tells her she is very fair,
In tones so sweet and soft.
O, how I long to be caressed,
And told, though plain my face,
That deep within her yearning heart,
I find a cherished place.

They say I'm cross, a stupid child,
A peevish, fretful thing;
They ne'er can know the anguish wild,
Such words as these can bring.
O, why did God my sister give
A face and form so fair?
O, would that I in heaven could live,
For all is beauty there.

An angel whispered soft and low,
Sweet words within her ear,
That made her little face to glow,
And filled her heart with cheer.
"Thou shalt not droop mid human flowers,
Bereft of hope and love;
But fairest in the heavenly bowers,
Shalt blossom sweet above."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MADELINE:

—OR,—

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"My dear Frank, that horse will be the death of you yet," said Augustus Eaton to his cousin, the Hon. Francis Carrington, as they met in the Park one fine spring morning; the latter mounted on a magnificent black horse, whose vicious antics almost precluded the idea of his master's conversing with his friends.

"As well die one way as another, Eaton; and if it was not for 'Malice' here, I should have fallen a victim to the blues long ago. The excitement of a dangerous ride is all that has kept me alive this winter."

"Rather a strange confession for you to make," said the first speaker, with a scornful curl of his lip.

"Come, old fellow, you must not be so impatient," exclaimed Carrington to his restive steed; then having conquered the momentary fit of obstinacy, he again came up beside his cousin, and continued: "Why strange, Gus? Is there anything wonderful in a fellow's being wearied to death who has no one to please, no one to think about, no one to admire, abuse, love, caress or tease but himself? Isn't that a fate to be pitied?"

"Yes, very much to be pitied—especially when said 'fellow' is possessed of a princely income, is perfectly unconcerned, and has been the cause of more 'heart aches' than any other man of his years. You have *my* pity, most certainly, dear Frank."

Had the speaker said "you have my hatred," it would have accorded better with the expression at that instant flashing from his eyes; but without noticing his looks, the other rejoined:

"You may think I am joking, but to me it is a serious reality. I tell you I am dying for want of something to do—becoming dyspeptic and splenetic—cross, misanthropic, old and ugly,—and all for the want of some reasonable employment. I have danced, and laughed, and chatted away the winter, and now I am going down into B——shire, to get through the summer; of course without any certain aim or end, but trusting to destiny, chance, good luck, or fortune, to give me something to think about, or something to do, which amounts to the same thing with me. And by the way, Gus, I have not thanked you for providing me with such a very superior attendant in the person of Monsieur Louis. He is a perfect treasure of his kind, and I feel duly grateful, although I did hope to have had a little trouble in supplying Pierre's place, just for the sake of the excitement, you know." And with a light-hearted laugh, the handsome young horseman gave the impatient Malice the rein, and in a few seconds horse and rider were out of sight.

"Yes, it will not be my fault if you do not find Louis a 'superior attendant,'" muttered young Eaton, as he cast a glance after the retreating figure of his cousin, in which there was a fearful mingling of bad passions. "My plans must go wonderfully astray if Frank Carrington stands in my path many months longer. To come to me with his affectation and his nonsense about nothing to do! I wonder when the Carrington estates are mine—and mine they shall be—if I shall not find plenty of employment?" And with a low, sneering laugh, the speaker pursued his way.

"And so you leave town to morrow, Francis?" said Lady Winterton to young Carrington, three days after the above conversation.

Lady Winterton had been a dear and intimate friend of the young man's mother, and he was much attached to her society, and, in spite of his careless habits, rarely failed to pay her punctual visits. Lady Winterton was a widow and childless; people said she had never recovered the shock of her husband's sudden death; certain it is, that, though a most agreeable, pleasant person, and a favorite with all young people, there was a sorrowful expression in Lady Winterton's deep blue eyes, that to discriminating people spoke of some hidden grief—something not so openly mourned as the death of her husband had been.

We will not say at present what this sadness was occasioned by; it is sufficient to state that Lady Winterton was thirty-one years of age, very wealthy, and delicately beautiful, having been "the belle, the toast, and the fashion" for two seasons before her marriage. Of that marriage much gossip had been made, many people affirming that the parties had been previously united, but on account of the lady's extreme youth and dependence on the will of a guardian, and the gentleman's poverty, they had been unable to announce it publicly. No one knew the facts, and when the youthful captain became Lord Winterton, and presumptive heir to a marquisate, and the lady, having completed her eighteenth year, took possession of her fortune, and the two were united with all customary pomp and splendor, there was not much to gratify the peculiar taste of the gossiping portion of the community.

The young couple lived happily together for a year, at the end of which time Lord Winterton died very suddenly of an affection of the heart. His widow, yet in her teens, mourned him deeply, refused all other offers, and at thirty-one was still beautiful and beloved by a very extensive circle of friends and relatives. But we have too long neglected the conversation commenced with this chapter.

"I am going down to Wilmington to try and kill time, if such a thing is possible for me to accomplish," was Carrington's reply.

"My dear Francis, I am grieved to hear you make use of such an expression. Surely, with your fortune and talents, time can be both pleasantly and profitably employed."

"I try to pass it pleasantly," was the young man's rejoinder, "but after a season, every amusement palls. My position precludes the idea of useful employment, in the common acceptation of that term; and if it did not, I should be sorry to occupy any place that would perhaps be filled by one who really needed it. No, there is nothing for me to do but to submit to destiny, and make the best of my aimless existence."

"Why aimless, Francis? Are there not high places in the councils of our land always awaiting the efforts of those—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, dear lady, but believe me—I am not intended for a politician. No, only one resource is left to me—I must marry in a year or two; and in the meantime I will look out for some one that comes up to my idea of what my wife ought to be. I wish you had a daughter, Lady Winterton; I have an idea that she would have been quite different from the young ladies of the present day."

A painful look passed over the countenance of the lady; but with no visible change, save an increased paleness, she replied:

"I would I had, if only for your sake, Francis. But there are scores of fair maidens, who would rejoice to receive attentions from so very desirable a partner; and I must say, if you have no employment for your time, it is in a great measure your own fault."

"Now you are laughing at me, and I cannot stand that. I would rather be as I am, than the slave of a capricious tyrant, like my brother's wife, magnificently beautiful as she is. My mind is almost made up; I will go down into the country and woo some rustic damsel, who, if she is not as accomplished as my fair sister-in-law, will at least have a heart. One empress in the family is enough. Herbert married rank, wealth and beauty—I shall marry for love."

"And have beauty and station no charms for you?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"Possessing ample wealth, I can afford to marry a poor girl if I please. As she must possess a great many good qualities, she will doubtless be beautiful in my eyes; and rank is immaterial, as no one will presume to question my right to please myself."

"Very fine speaking, my dear Francis; but I fear you will find few to join you in your independent ideas—not but what I think you are right. I could tell you a sad story arising from the prevailing opposition to what are called unequal marriages."

"Tell it to me, by all means, dear Lady Winterton."

"Not now; I do not feel equal to the task; but I will some day inform you of particulars relating to my early days—those mysterious events, that some years ago caused so much to be said relative to myself and husband."

We will not accompany Francis Carrington on his journey; it is sufficient to state that he arrived at his fine old mansion at Wilmington without accident or adventure; that, thanks to the excellent management of a most estimable steward, he found his affairs in the nicest order, not even a shadow of excuse for busying himself could he found; and with the exception of a few visits among the neighboring families, he was totally dependent on Malice for amusement.

Day after day he galloped over the surrounding country, and having formed an acquaintance with a gentleman farmer, who appeared to derive great satisfaction from his hobby, he actually had some thoughts of turning his attention to agricultural pursuits, when he met with an adventure that changed all his plans, and forever put an end to his complaining of having "nothing to do."

Very trifling causes sometimes lead to great events.

Francis Carrington was destined to prove the truth of this assertion. Augustus Eaton had foretold his death through the agency of his favorite steed; his life was preserved, certainly, but it was undoubtedly true that Malice was the occasion of his losing his heart. Riding one morning at his usual headlong pace, with less caution than the temper of his steed demanded, young Carrington was suddenly brought to his senses by the startled shyness of his horse, and ere he could recover his control, the animal was rendered furious by a blow from some object, thrown by an unseen hand. Tearing madly along the hedge-sheltered road on which they were passing, he soon freed himself from restraint, and his master with the greatest difficulty kept his seat, owing to the mad plunges and starts of the terrified brute.

It was a fearful ride, but soon over. The sudden appearance of a female in the road caused the animal to turn. One violent leap, a dash through the green hedge, and Malice was half way across a field, and his master lay stunned and bleeding on the stones and sand of a rough by-road.

When Francis Carrington came to his senses, he found himself still on the spot where he had fallen. His head was aching fearfully; he was quite unable to move; but he felt that he was not alone. A hand was pressing some cold application to his throbbing temples, and a soft voice whispered, "Don't attempt to move until help comes." And in a few moments help did come, and he was carefully lifted from the earth, and borne to a little cottage not far distant, and then once more all was dark, and he was again insensible.

"I think I had better cut off all these curls at once; his head is fearfully injured," were the first words the young man distinguished, as once more returning reason enabled him to comprehend his situation. The voice was strange, and he felt the touch of a heavy hand.

"O, I would not cut them off yet, doctor. He may not be so badly hurt as we fear, and it is a pity to destroy his beautiful hair."

"Well, just as you say, little girl; but I am afraid it will be a long time before he will care much about his looks." And there was a very disheartening tone in the physician's voice.

"But he may have a mother, or sister, or some friend who would be sorry; and as I have been the cause of all this, help me, dear doctor, to get him well again."

The sound of a stifled sob touched the sick man's feelings. He felt unable to speak—or as if he had forgotten how; but he held out his hand and clasped the little trembling fingers so timidly laid in it.

As the physician had foretold, young Carrington's injuries proved very severe. For several weeks he raved in the wildest paroxysms of brain fever, unconscious of the attendance of his new friends, or the presence of those whom he loved.

Augustus Eaton had been one of the first to hasten to the presence of the invalid, and it will throw some light on his proceedings to give here a short extract from the letter sent to him by Carrington's valet, five days after the accident. After detailing the circumstances, he went on: "I have watched every day for such a chance, but you must know it was not easy to accomplish. Fortune, however, favored me this time; the horse threw him with great violence, and though not dead, I think there is every probability that he will die. Should he do so, remember I expect my reward just the same as if he had been instantly killed. If he gets better, and all danger is passing, I would not mind risking the last alternative; but in that case you must promise to double the sum. I shall then be able to leave this detestable country and return to my beloved Italy, and you will be in the possession of an immense fortune, out of which my few thousands will scarcely be missed. If it was not for the circumstances, I should feel something almost like pity for your victim. The old steward's distress is quite pathetic at times; but don't fear me; I am true as steel where money is concerned, and as long as you keep to the bargain I will fulfil my part of it."

Such was the precious epistle that induced Augustus Eaton to journey with all speed down to B——shire, to watch in person the progress of his schemes. Other friends and relatives came, but he alone remained, and many were the comments on his conduct, opposed as it was to his well-known dislike of his cousin.

The owner of the cottage—a widow in humble circumstances—was somewhat at a loss how to entertain her aristocratic guests; but assisted by her niece—the young person we have slightly alluded to—she succeeded in making the invalid very comfortable and in furnishing young Eaton with passable accommodations. Mrs. Myers, herself, took but little thought after a time, so well was all attended to; and even Augustus Eaton, deeply immersed as he was in wicked plots, could not forbear bestowing an admiring glance on the beautiful cottage girl, who passed so gracefully through the small rooms, and looked so different from all his preconceived ideas of rustic damsels. But Lina bestowed no thought on him. The sufferer in the sick room occupied all her thoughts, engrossed all her sympathies, and his fate was the one idea that held place in her mind.

"I don't like that dark, evil-looking man, doctor. I know he has no love for his master, and I feel afraid every time he is left alone with him."

"Just my own thoughts, little girl. There is something bad in his countenance, and I intend to watch him. He wants to act nurse to night; but if he means harm, he will be disappointed. I have taken a fancy to my handsome patient, and if they are meditating evil it will come home to themselves."

That night, through the old doctor's intervention, Francis Carrington was saved from the murderous contrivances of his foes, and foiled and detected in his plans, Augustus Eaton returned to London, and took with him his wretched confederate.

Under the care of his faithful physician and unwearied attendants, young Carrington gradually recovered. For two weeks he had not seen Lina, but on making his appearance in the cottage parlor, the fair young girl greeted him with smiles and tears, and after congratulating him on his recovery, spoke with deep sorrow of her unintentional share in his misfortune. In convincing her of the folly of distressing herself about so purely an accidental occurrence, young Carrington declared that "since it had made him acquainted with her, he felt overjoyed that it had happened, and considered the suffering as a mere trifle in comparison with the reward," and many other speeches of the same nature, very flattering, very complimentary, just such speeches as he had all his life been making to young ladies (for our hero was not perfection, although very much better than many of his class); but happening to raise his eyes to his listener's face, he there beheld a look never to be forgotten—a look in which surprise, disappointment and pain were plainly expressed.

From that hour, Francis Carrington never dared to whisper a falsehood in the ear of the simple country girl, who, all unused to compliments and flattery, could yet distinguish the false from the true with unerring certainty. But in that cottage, and in the person of that humble maiden, the young aristocrat found what he and thousands like him have in vain looked for in their own circles, and amid the wealthy and high born daughters of fashion. He found a beautiful and innocent girl, light-hearted and amiable, of tender, loving disposition, totally free from worldly cares, and yet possessed of womanly pride and reserve sufficient to render her an object of respect to the most hardened in iniquity.

But our hero was far from deserving such a character. Faultless he was not, but that good heart of his beat responsive to the voice of nature, and his sensitive mind keenly appreciated and enjoyed all that was lovely and worthy of admiration. It would have caused some of his young lady friends to shed tears of envy could they have beheld the object of so many wasted arts, so many ambitious hopes and fruitless plans, gazing with such evident admiration on a "little rustic" gathering roses in a very small garden with a white-washed picket fence; said "rustic" being attired in a very plain muslin dress, a well-worn gipsey hat, badly-made shoes and no gloves.

Our hero had felt himself an object of intense attraction to numberless patrician beauties; he had looked indifferently on the fairest members of the aristocracy, robed in satin, sparkling with gems, and displaying a thousand graces and accomplishments; and yet it was reserved for Lina, the beautiful cottage girl, to teach him that he had a heart. And Francis Carrington knew he loved her, knew that his happiness depended on her love in return; he banished all considerations of rank or fortune, asked her to be his wife, and was *refused!*

"I have said all I could for you, sir; but Lina is very firm when she once makes up her mind."

"But, Mrs. Myers, your niece has given me no reason for so positive a denial. I do not pretend to say that I am worthy of one as pure and good as she is, but surely my love demands some slight return—at least the cause of her determined refusal"

"It is not that she thinks you are not good enough, I only fear my poor child has too high an opinion of you; but she will not run the risk of some day feeling that you repent having married an ignorant, nameless girl; one that you would feel ashamed to present to your great relations as your wife. And now since you want to know all the dear child's reasons, I must tell you that she is no connexion of mine, that I do not even know any other name for her than Madeline; and for aught I can say to the contrary, she may be the child of respectable parents, or she may be descended from very wicked ones. A miserable, starving creature brought her to me while she was yet an infant. The woman died without telling us more than her first name, and my husband and I took the little helpless child to be our own. For fourteen years she has shared my humble home, and while I live she shall never want. You have made her a very generous offer, but I think, brought up as she has been that her chances of happiness are greater if she remains in a humble station. She has no ambition to live in splendor, and were you a poor man, I think your suit would have been more successful."

Most fervently did Francis Carrington wish he was a "poor man," but being unfortunately doomed to the penalty of wealth, and unable to make the least change in the determination of the fair object of his love, he left the scene of so much pain and pleasure, and by easy stages journeyed to the summer residence of his friend, Lady Winterton.

It was not until he had spent several days at her house that he could summon courage to tell her all the changes and chances that had befallen him since their last meeting. But Lady Winterton was very discreet. She treated his story with all due seriousness, and asked many questions, during the evening, of a very flattering interest in the little romance. But little did she dream, while affecting to feel an interest she did not in reality experience, that one simple word would render her almost wild with emotion, and fill her mind with a thousand conflicting hopes and fears, until the state of the disappointed lover was bliss compared with her own.

"You have not told me the name of this divinity, this wood-nymph, this fairy queen of yours."

"Madeline." The speaker was not pleased at the manner in which the question was asked, and answered rather shortly.

"Madeline!"

The young man started at the sudden clasp of those delicate hands on his arm, and the deathlike hue of the eager countenance.

"For Heaven's sake! tell me what is the matter, Lady Winterton! What have I said, what have I done to affect you so?"

"That name! that name! O, tell me who she is!"

"Pray be calm; it is no one you can possibly have any connection with. A miserable, neglected babe, she was brought by a beggar to her present home. The woman said she was not her child, but refused to give any further information, save that her name was Madeline. But help! help! the lady has fainted!" And with increased wonder the young man raised the prostrate form from the ground, and assisted in the endeavors to restore her to life.

Slowly the heavy eyes unclosed, gazing from one face to another with bewildered and unmeaning looks; but as some sudden thought flashes across her mind, with a loud scream she springs to her feet, exclaiming, "My child! my Madeline! O, bring her to me!" and again she lies insensible on the floor.

In the beautiful drawing room of Winterton House, seated on a luxurious couch, were two ladies, one lovely autumn evening; nearly two months after the time we last mentioned. There was very little apparent difference in their ages, so fresh, and young, and joyous was the appearance of the elder of the two; while the languid attitude, and slight shade of care on the brow of the younger made her look older than she was. Both were extremely beautiful, though unlike; the fair golden tresses and deep blue eyes of the mother (for such in reality was the relationship between them), bearing little resemblance to the brown curls and clear, hazel eyes of her child. Both were gazing on the portrait of a handsome young man, in full regimentals; and it needed but a glance to see how strong was the likeness between the picture and the youngest of the ladies.

The occupants of the room were Lady Winterton and her long lost child; the picture, the likeness of the husband and father, hitherto unknown to one, and long mourned by the other. To explain the appearance of this daughter, we must go back some sixteen years in Lady Winterton's life, when, with the thoughtless impetuosity of youth, she had contracted a secret marriage with the then penniless young officer.

Dependent on a miserly and obstinate guardian, her husband suddenly called away with his regiment to a foreign station, the poor girl found herself most unpleasantly situated, and afraid to acknowledge her imprudence. Without a friend to advise or assist her in her difficulties, she was forced to make a confidant of her maid, and with her contrivance, effectually eluded the vigilance of her guardian. Commending her innocent babe to the care of this woman, the young lady was forced to play her part with the most consummate skill; but her punishment was not long in coming.

The confidant, after corresponding with her mistress for three or four months, and contriving that she should once see the child, suddenly disappeared; and the secret inquiries set on foot by the mother, elicited the facts that she had been deceived. The woman was of bad character, artful, abandoned, and connected with a gang of thieves and strolling players.

When her husband returned, and they were re-married, every exertion was made to recover the lost one; but disappointment was their only reward, and Lord Winterton lived but one short year to mourn the loss of the child he had never seen. The facts were kept secret; but the mother never forgave herself for sacrificing her babe to save herself; and not until the little Madeline was restored to her in the person of young Carrington's "cottage lass," did Lady Winterton realize the meaning of a "mind at peace with itself."

It was touching to behold her joy—quiet, but heart-felt happiness—that manifested itself in a thousand trifling circumstances; that caused her to hover round the couch of her sleeping child, when all was silent and dark, to make sure that her treasure was safe; that prompted her to keep the young girl ever in her sight, and at times to catch her in her arms with a smothered cry of delight, as if fearful that again she had lost her.

Francis Carrington had left England immediately after making it quite certain that his Lina was the daughter of his old friend. Just before his departure he had called on them, and his last words to Lady Winterton were, "I leave her to you for a short time; but remember that I found her first, and some day I mean to make good my claim."

It was useless to blind herself to the fact that, loving and tender as the child was, delightful as the change in her circumstances had been, there was yet something wanting to complete her happiness, to remove the slight shade of sorrow on her fair brow. But the impatient lover returned. There were no scruples now to overcome, as to inequality of birth or fortune; and when Lady Winterton beheld her beautiful child, with smiles and happy blushes, bestow her hand on the son of her once dearly loved friend, she banished a momentary fit of jealousy, and in her daughter's happiness found her own.

Francis Carrington was never afterwards heard to complain that his life was aimless. True, he did not become a member of Parliament, or mix in public life, but in accordance with his wife's wishes, spent the greater part of his time at their several country residences, and that time was not only passed happily but usefully.

Augustus Eaton, after quarrelling with the villain Louis, was by threats of exposure compelled to pay him a sum of money that ruined him, and in poverty and obscurity he spends his miserable existence in some unknown part of the metropolis. He has not come into possession of the "Carrington estates," and from the blooming, beautiful children who surround our old friend Carrington and his lovely wife, we think it unlikely that he ever will.

SOME NOSE.

Deacon C——, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact, it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he attended, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it round before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of the pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read, "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.—*Hartford (Ct.) Courant.*

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.

Died, 11th inst., at his shop, No. 20 Greenwich Street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with promptness.—*English paper.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EUGENIE.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

It was midwinter in Normandy, and the snow laid deep in the woods and valleys of a village in the northern part of the country. Standing by itself at some distance from the hamlet, was a small cottage with a thatched roof and rustic portico; a path led from the low, narrow door down to the road, distant nearly quarter of a mile, and now sparkling with crisp frost in the morning rays, like jewels.

Out from the cottage stepped a little figure like the fairy of the place, bearing on her arm a basket. The firm, glittering crust bore her up, and the only token she left of her presence was a line of tiny footprints; the bracing air brought a rich glow to her cheeks, and gave an elasticity to her step. Presently the road was reached, and in a few minutes she tapped at the door of a cottage somewhat larger than the one first mentioned; it was opened by a fine, tall youth about fourteen, who welcomed her with the manner of everyday acquaintance, while an active, matronly-looking body, the mistress of the house, filled the basket with various articles of food, asking, meanwhile, after the little girl's mother, who was an invalid. As she was about to depart, the boy rose from his seat by the fireside, and taking her basket up, prepared to accompany her home.

"Eugenie," he said, after a few moments' silence, "what should you think if I told you I was going away from this place to earn my living?"

"Why, Albert? Leave your mother, father and home? Where do you intend to go?"

"O, I cannot tell, somewhere into the world, for I will not spend my life in this dull village."

"But what will you do to support yourself?"

"I have an uncle in Belgium who is a master mechanic, and he has offered to take me to instruct in his trade."

"And shall you go?"

"My parents have left the decision to me, and I think I shall accept the offer. If I do, I shall go as soon as possible."

"Then we shall not see you for a long time," said Eugenie, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I suppose a year must pass before I come home on a visit, at the least calculation, but I shall write often, and think of my friends continually."

They had now reached Eugenie's dwelling, and after a few more words separated, with a sober good morning, for they had been like brother and sister many years, and the prospect of parting was saddening. Albert Lacy was the only child of the wealthiest farmer in the district, who had settled in the place some twelve years ago, and when Eugenie and her mother came to the village a short time afterward, good Dame Lacy had taken a great interest in them, and as the feeble health of Mrs. Cardoville gave way, insisted on supplying her with those various delicacies which the invalid could not prepare; and thus the families became closely bound together, although their original stations in life were widely different. Mrs. Cardoville had once been used to all the luxuries and elegances of a high station; at her husband's death, reduced to the necessity of giving up her beautiful home, and leaving the gay city of Paris, she hid herself from the prying eyes of former acquaintances in the humble hamlet of N——, occupying a cottage formerly inhabited by a tenant of her husband's, where she supported herself on the remnant of her fortune, and gradually declining towards the grave.

As they sat at the table that morning, Eugenie spoke of Albert's wish to leave home so sadly, that she could not resolve to cloud her mind still further; and when, recovering her accustomed cheerfulness, the little girl talked of the coming spring, and the warm, sunny days when they would walk again by the mill-stream to gather the violets, the invalid laid her hand caressingly on her child's bright, shining curls, and a tear glistened in her eye; yet unwilling to dispel the glad anticipations of her darling, she smiled, though with a shade of sadness, and endeavored to enter into the many schemes projected by Eugenie.

By the end of a month Albert had left the place, and in attending to her mother the winter sped swiftly away, although she had expected to be very lonely in the absence of her accustomed companion; but Mrs. Cardoville failed daily, and instead of gathering the violets, the meek, blue flowers blossomed over her grave. The unsuspicious as was her nature, that glance plainly showed her it had been carefully joined again, and with a smile she inwardly exclaimed, "I thought so!" and proceeded to read the enclosed lines. They were from M. Solon, and stated that by the death of her relative, M. Morani, she had come into possession of an immense fortune, and must return immediately to Paris. For a moment she sat as if turned to stone—she had never heard the name of the man who had left her this property; how did he know of her existence? A . . as confusion and mystery, but the voice of her companion roused her.

"What did you say, madame?" she inquired.

"Are the tidings of a sorrowful nature? You look faint."

Eugenie glanced upwards and encountered the gaze of her teacher, bent full upon her with an expression of prying scrutiny, evidently determined to know just how much of a surprise this was, and doubting if she had ever heard of the testator's existence. Indignant at the unwarrantable liberty prompted by impertinent curiosity that had already been taken with her letter, and resolved not to gratify such a spirit, she collected all her usual composure and replied with gravity:

"It contains intelligence of the death of a friend, and a request from my guardian that I will return home as soon as possible."

Awed by the dignity of her manner, madame replied: "O, certainly, certainly, every assistance shall be rendered to complete your preparations—how sad to think you are called into mourning, perhaps for a brother or sister?"

"Neither, madame, I am happy to say; and now will you have the goodness to excuse me, that I may obey my guardian's wishes?"

Scarcely had the sound of her footsteps died away, than with a puzzled expression, two of the subordinate teachers glided from the anteroom where they had been concealed during this conversation.

"What do you think of all this?" inquired the principal, turning to them.

"I must say if this is *not* a piece of news to her, she has kept a secret better than any one I ever saw?" replied one. And the speaker who was an inveterate talker drew herself up with an offended air.

"For my part," cried the second, "when a young lady has rich relations she is not generally so humble as Miss Cardoville has always been, and one generally hears of the wealthy individual; now Eugenie never had the airs or manners of a young person with any expectations at all."

"Yet she did not mention her fortune as explanation of her sudden call home, when it would not have appeared in the least ostentatious. It is certainly very singular, but I really must say if it was a surprise, she has managed it well."

Eugenie retired to her chamber, and seating herself she eagerly re-perused the letter, almost expecting to find its contents totally different from her heated imagination; but there they stood without alteration. As no explanation had been given, her mind ran riot through a medley of conjectures, none of which seemed probable, and resolving to obey M. Solon's directions, and wait patiently till she saw him, she banished the bewildering suggestions that struggled for an entrance into her thoughts. Certain of but one fact, that great wealth was now hers, she knelt, and thanking Heaven for the gift, prayed that the sudden accession of riches might render her neither haughty nor slothful, nor weaken her feeling of dependence and accountability to the Giver; but that increased meekness, diligence and wisdom might be given her, to govern her heart and direct her power of action aright.

On her arrival in Paris M. Solon received his young charge with delight, gazing in admiration at her beautiful face and figure, now radiant with the loveliness of dawning womanhood; but to her inquiries concerning the unknown friend, he only replied that after hearing the will she should know all; and on the day appointed for the reading of it, the old man and his young friend proceeded to the mansion of the late M. Morani, where various other people were assembled. After the usual preliminary, the lawyer announced that Mademoiselle Eugenie Cardoville was the sole heiress to the real and personal estate of the late Julian Morani, with the condition that for the space of one year she should neither marry nor spend more than the income of the property. When the house was cleared, M. Solon stayed Eugenie who was also departing, and said:

"Where are you going, Miss Cardoville? This is your home, now."

The truth of this assertion was instantly perceived, yet it came with a bewildering force, and she gazed round upon the magnificent furniture, the large apartments, and old family portraits, as in a dream, but noticing that her old friend addressed her as Miss Cardoville, instead of Eugenie, she inquired the reason.

"You are now a young lady of sixteen, and in possession of a large estate—besides, you are of high family, and I am but a servant," was the reply.

"A servant!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I did not suppose you wealthy, but thought you independent."

"I am, but I used to be your father's steward; he was my foster-brother, and we were never apart in after life. Here is a paper, however, which M. Morani left in my keeping for you, that will explain all these incidents which have so astonished you of late."

Omitting many of the details we will give the contents briefly. Julian Morani and Henri de Cardoville, Eugenie's father, were own brothers, but being disinherited by his father, the former had several years afterwards met with a wealthy gentleman who had adopted him as his heir, on condition of his assuming the name of Morani. His own family having held no intercourse with him for years, his very existence seemed forgotten by them, and Eugenie was therefore ignorant that such a relation existed. But when at the age of two years her father died, and the faithful domestic Solon was discharged, he had remained in Paris living on an annuity, and ever keeping Julian aware of the existence of his brother's widow and child. On the death of Mrs. Cardoville, Solon prevailed on him to send for Eugenie and put her at school. Three years afterwards, on his death bed, he had sent for this humble friend and made a will, leaving his property to his niece. But a codicil was left, not to be read for a year after his death.

As the term of mourning required by custom forbade Eugenie to mingle with the gay world, her chief delight was found in those same enchanters that had made her childhood happy—books and music. Among the compositions in which she delighted, several by an artist whose name none knew, but whom all admired, were her chief favorites, and awoke her deep interest.

A year passed swiftly away, and a second meeting of the heirs was called for reading the codicil. As the relatives began to assemble, many were the significant looks and whispers, containing no very distant allusions to the old proverb, "Pride must have a fall." What was then the amazement of all present, when it was announced that the property of Julian Morani was to be equally divided between Eugenie Cardoville and his nephew Rodolfo Morani, known as Albert Lacy, intimating that it was his wish they should unite the fortune in any way most agreeable to themselves.

So the assembled expectants went away a second time, wondering at the singular propensity of the late M. Morani to hunt up relations of whose existence certain other relatives were totally ignorant.

As Rodolfo was not forthcoming, he was advertised, and great was the surprise of the musical world to learn that he was none other than the composer who had been so much admired for many months past. The meeting between the young people was joyous, and Eugenie learned that when Rodolfo had left N——, to reside with his uncle, a celebrated composer discovering his wonderful genius by accident, had offered to give him a musical education, and the benefit of his influence to procure a situation when that was attained. Determined to become worthy of Eugenie, on whom even then he had bestowed his boyish affections, he had resolved, on hearing of her advancement in life, to hold no communication with her, until the time when he could offer her a name worthy of acceptance. Just as this point was reached, fortune unexpectedly precluded the necessity of further exertion, and as ignorant of his relation to Morani, as Eugenie had formerly been, they both listened eagerly to the history of his life from old Solon.

The gentleman who adopted Julian had a beautiful daughter named Ethelinde, and he soon became her acknowledged lover; but after a year's engagement the young girl met with one who speedily effaced his image from her heart, and being a worthless person he persuaded her to elope with him. This double blow fell like a thunderbolt on the father and lover, but Ethelinde refused to leave her husband, and died soon after, leaving an infant son, which its unnatural father deserted. This babe was entrusted to the care of the Lacys, then residing near Paris, to bring up as their own till some other provision was made.

At their death he entered the great world, relying on his own efforts. Solon, who had never lost sight of him, had not failed to report his progress to his uncle, but the latter, wishing Rodolfo to prove that he inherited none of his father's objectionable traits of character, had left the codicil, so that if he stood the trial of another year, he might receive his share of the property, but if he proved unworthy, the whole was to remain in Eugenie's possession.

"Shall the last wish of our benefactor be fulfilled?" said Rodolfo to her, at length.

Eugenie's only reply was to place her hand within his own.

"You are indeed my good 'genie'!" he exclaimed. "But for the hope of some day winning you, I should never have been reconciled to fame, or worthy to share my uncle's fortune. And should misfortune ever come, with your smile and affection to make me still rich beyond estimation, I will defy fate to do its worst."

THE GHOST-RAISER.

BY F. FOSTER.

My Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bag-man, *will* tell stories. Among them, he tells his single ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug wayside inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge of the stout, farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton. There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, roasted beef, carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind, as a travelling merchant or pedler. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said:

"You must know the manner and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look, said:

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man rose up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you will allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other, "I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college scar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took the purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedler amongst us. In a low, solemn voice he began to chant the following lines:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves,
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened feet
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly, he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light rising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedler stamped three times on the ground, and sung:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gesturos, the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! Help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid *now*?" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal was—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him, and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my ghost story!"

"And how is it, uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," said my uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemispheres, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year	$2 00
4 subscribers, "	10 00
10 " "	20 00

Any person sending ten fifteen subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, together, $4 per annum.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE POWER OF WEALTH.

BY MRS. E. T. FLORENCE.

Sweet Nelly was a merry sprite,
A blithesome, happy creature;
Her laughing eye was full of light,
And joy lit every feature.

Her hair was of an auburn hue,
Though many called it red;
She wore it twined in graceful braids,
Around her pretty head.

Her rosy cheeks were full and fair,
Where dimples loved to dwell;
Her step was light and free as air—
Such was our laughing Nell.

Alas, for Nelly, she was poor!
Though many called her fair,
They cued not for her pretty hand,
Because she had red hair!

Dame Fortune smiled on her one day—
Her purse, which had been empty,
Was filled with bright and shining coin,
Which brought her beaux in plenty.

That fancied whim about her hair,
Now vanished like the dew;
'Twas of the rofiest, fairest brown,
Just tinged with auburn hue.

Her lovers knelt and sued in vain;
She frowned, and they grew bolder;
Sly, roguish Nell smiled at their pain,
Her looks grew sterner, colder.

"What power wealth has," exclaimed fair Nell;
"'Twill even shield a frown;
'Twill make the face look doubly fair,
And change red hair to brown."

When Nelly breathed these cruel words,
Each in a passion started;
They all are fortune-hunters now—
Not one died broken-hearted.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE VILLAGE ATTORNEY.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

SHUTTING himself up in his office, and waiting patiently and alone for customers to come in, Mr. Mark Holden thought to be a very wretched way of earning his bread and butter, and harshly less wretched a means of liquidating the relentless bills of his honest but needy washerwoman. He had read his books pretty thoroughly on that day, and tried in a measure to fortify himself against the insidious assaults of impatience and peevishness. One foot was up against the table, and the other rested on a vacant chair. His eyes ran over the handful of books that comprised his library, while within his heart some dissuasive being seemed to ask him if he believed he should ever have much, if any, need of them. Among nearly all the probabilities and possibilities of the future he had sought to explore, if by some means a new hope might turn up somewhere in the rubbish of his pladdiag life, and brighter days might be found approaching.

As yet, his business had amounted to little or nothing since he opened his office door in the village; and he began seriously to ask himself if it was possible, by remaining longer, to attract that to him which in reality did not exist. A quieter people no young lawyer could have settled amongst—assiduously employed about their own business, and, even if engaged in interference with others, taking care to transgress no statutes in a way to become related to indictable offences. They were outwardly too peaceable to furnish a limb of the law with the salt for his porridge. Not that they were not fond enough of attending court in the innocent capacity of spectators—but they were a thousand times averse to being called in as litigating parties.

The morning was pleasant and fresh, and the sun shone out bright and clear. Coming down the grassy street was a female of middle age, dressed with exceeding plainness and care, who bent her course in the direction of Mr. Mark Holden's little law office. She climbed the stoop before the door, and threw across the office floor a shadow that startled our legal friend from his dumpy dreams in a moment. He took down his feet and sat bolt upright in his chair.

The woman offered him a hasty but somewhat timid salutation, and immediately took the seat he politely handed her. Each sat silent for a few moments, apparently anxious that the other should begin.

"I've come to engage you," finally observed the visitor, impatient of this delay; "I have some business that I wish you would do for me—and 'tisn't for me, either, but for a person that I'm particularly interested in." And here she paused to collect her thoughts previous to setting out on her statement.

"What is the character of the business?" inquired the lawyer, eager to get at the heart of this godsend.

The woman still hesitated.

"My niece, Miss Mary Pease, wishes to bring an action for a breach of promise of marriage," finally answered she.

"Against whom, then?" he inquired, his eyes betraying his astonishment.

"Mr. John P. Martin, of ——," said she, naming a particular city not a hundred miles away.

The attorney was still more astonished. He knew Mr. John P. Martin, and knew him to be a wealthy young man, who had already passed some idle time in that particular neighborhood, and of whom report began to predicate several sorts of stories in connection with Miss Mary Pease. And to learn that this was the upshot of them all!—well might another person than Mark Holden, Esq., have been astonished.

But in view of the nature of the business and his professional connection with the same, Mr. Holden proceeded to put away wonder, and to solicit from his visitor a plain and candid narration of the whole affair. She thereupon began her story, and he sat and listened with an interest and a sympathy that was, on the whole, quite extra-professional.

"I will undertake this suit for her," said he at length, rising from his chair. "There is good ground for it, and I believe it is possible to recover large damages. I will engage to do the best I can for her, madam."

"She could ask no more," replied his visitor. And shortly after, she left the young attorney to himself.

This, for Mr. Mark Holden, was going to be no ordinary case. It came to a man whose ambition was high, and whose business energies were yet to make themselves understood before the world. Heretofore his clients had been few indeed—you could count them on your fingers. But as soon as these things changed, it was not going to be so easy to tell what sort of a man he would be likely to make.

To the study and preparation of this important case, therefore, Mr. Mark Holden addressed himself with all imaginable assiduity. He held frequent and protracted conferences with Mary Pease, coming in a short time to form a close acquaintance with her, and persuading himself that she was a girl of downright solid qualities. It is a fact that the deeper he got in his lawsuit, the more he was ensnared with the fair projector of it too.

Mary Pease was a poor girl, but not the less to be considered for that, though; and if any one in all the village was entitled to the palm for simple, fresh beauty, it would be hard to tell who could fairly bear it away before her. In an unguarded hour, she had yielded her rich affections to this dashing young stranger, believing that he loved her in return; but it was a frail reed on which her hope had leaned, and she discovered it when it was too late. She was deceived, and most cruelly. Her heart was wrung with grief and mortification. It was an instance of confidence such as passes before the notice of the world every day.

It was not from any desire of her own that she brought this suit, but only at the instance and after the repeated urging of her aunt, whose indignation would not permit her to let the matter rest until some proper steps had been taken to testify to her awakened feelings. That Mary had been cruelly wronged, they both believed. They felt the sting of the recollection every day. When they passed the neighbors and looked them full in the face, it was with a dark suspicion, flitting like a bird of ill omen across their minds, that the terrible story was known to them all, and that they were ready to make a mock and a derision of it at every opportunity. This was anything but happiness. It was anything but comfort, or ease, or quiet for their feelings. To go about branded like felons, was more than true female hearts were willing to submit to.

After a most industrious and protracted preparation, the case at length came on for trial. The court was held in a distant town, where already a gathering had signalized the approach of that and other related events. Mary was there with her aunt; but Mr. Martin was thoughtful enough to stay away. His counsel took care of *him*, and with that he was fully satisfied.

Mr. Mark Holden introduced his case to the attention of the court and jury with a deliberateness of statement, and a clearness of narration, that appealed instantly to the feelings of all. Nor indeed did the spectators seem less interested, either. All voices were hushed into silence, as he laid before the court the matter that he stood up there to represent. First, the great injury done his cli-nt; se-ondly, the enormous wrong of which the unprincipled defendant had been guilty. And he wound up his statement by asking that, after listening to his testimony, the jury should consent to award his injured client such damages as should be exemplary in the minds of the community.

The testimony was offered, piece by piece. On the other side, it was adroitly met by such rebutting circumstances, colored to suit the special purpose in hand, as could be gathered together for the occasion. The defence had little enough to offer, every one could see; and the most was made of the whole of it. It amounted to nothing more than a slurring over of what the prosecution had already established, and a persistent endeavor to slight and render it ridiculous. The spectators were convinced that the lady's was the strong case, and made up their verdict for her long before the jury had thought of such a thing.

Young lawyers are not apt to slight good opportunities to bring themselves out, and Mr. Mark Holden did not. When he arose to address the jury, after the evidence was all in, it was with the weight of a great responsibility upon his heart. Yet he was perfectly self possessed and calm; for a young speaker, unusually so.

He began by calling attention to the statement he had originally made, and by averring his determination to convince the jury, on a review of the testimony just offered, that his pledge to make his case a good one in their eyes had been amply redeemed. Next he descanted with minuteness and rigor on the several parts of the evidence, commenting freely and at all times with a great deal of feeling. Then he branched out into an expression of such sentiments as moved the hearts of every one who listened, and as he said, belonged peculiarly to his own.

Rising gradually with his theme, and warming with the manly emotions that endeavored to find expression at the door of his lips, he struck off in a strain of true and unaffected eloquence, that both surprised and delighted the whole auditory. Not an eye but was fixed on him—not an ear that did not drink in eagerly his glowing words —not a heart that failed to respond to his passionate sentences. Once launched on this swelling tide, and he drove swiftly on. Once exalted to this lofty height, and he soared away almost unconsciously. His form erected itself to that of proud manliness. His countenance was lighted by a strange expression, as he depicted this poor girl's wrongs. His eyes fairly burned in his head. His gestures were most strikingly earnest and impassioned.

It is enough to say, in conclusion, that his effort proved eminently successful in all points; for the jury were not out long in consultation, before they made up their verdict for five thousand dollars damages for the injured plaintiff. The result was hailed with applause by the spectators, whose sympathies had been with the young lady from the beginning.

As for Mr. Mark Holden himself, it was a day of triumph for him. He made an impression that was not so readily to be effaced. From that day his professional success was established.

Time brought about its usual changes. Mr. Martin married a fashionable lady before long, and they devoted themselves to the ordinary pursuits of fashionable folly. In this vortex of excitement they were swallowed up. Life in its true intent and meaning—life in its large and broad relations, they knew and cared nothing about. The whole of their existence consisted in the labor of trying to hurry through with it as fast as they could.

Mr Holden, finding business inclined to grow upon him, not long after removed his office to the same city where Mr. Martin lived with his lady. Clients came thick and fast. Funds poured into his treasury. His labors were doubled and trebled in a short time, and friends accumulated as rapidly as his funds.

It was said very commonly of Mark Holden that he would become, if he lived, one of the foremost men at the bar. Already he had won universal respect and esteem, both by his talents and his conduct. He bore the character of an honorable, high-minded gentleman, whose promise at that time very much outran all his past performance.

But though some men may be once wealthy, whether by inheritance or not, there is no reason known why they are certain always to remain so. You cannot say that the rich man of to-day is to be the rich man of to morrow too. Circumstances change. Risks intervene. Temptations often destroy the fairest hopes, and overturn the most stable calculations.

By a course of living such as almost any reader can easily imagine, Mr. Martin suddenly found himself standing, with his eyes open, staring poverty and ruin in the face. His wealth had all been fast slipping between his fingers. Fast living, gambling debts, ventures in fancy stocks, fleet horses and reckless companions, had in a few years made a wreck of Mr. John P. Martin's handsome estate, and left him, like a splendid ship stranded high and dry on the sand. He saw his fate, but he showed himself a coward in meeting it. For, unable to hold up under the accumulated weight of his calamities, he foolishly used the name of one of his acquaintances to a piece of paper, obtained the money on the same, and resolved to make one desperate venture in the way of retrieving his fortune. He was certain that he should be able again to take up the note before its maturity, and so avoid the consequences of exposure. Nothing to his view seemed easier.

But fate stood in his way. His last hazard failed him utterly. He staked all, and all was lost. There was nothing left him now but immediate exposure and lasting infamy. He thought of his former self, of what he might once have been, of his present reduction, and of the anguish of his trusting wife when she should be made acquainted with the truth, and he knew that it was more than his spirit was able to bear. So he resolved on a hasty flight, and on keeping his purpose a secret from every one.

But his resolution was taken too late. His guilt was discovered before he seriously thought of the possibility of it. An officer paid him a most unwelcome and unexpected visit one evening, while he was fondly dreaming of nothing but present security in his own house, and the former gentleman and man of fashion was escorted to a felon's cell to pass the night alone. A more terrible blow could not have fallen on the head of his wife, because the matter was still involved in a mystery that she was not able to explain.

When, however, the appalling fact became known to her, it seemed as if her reason must be dethroned. Such extreme suffering it was a very rare thing to witness. She raved like a maniac, shrieked and tore her hair, called on God to take her life at once, and wished a thousand times that she had never been born. It was pitiful to witness this overwhelming change in the poor woman's feelings. Could her husband have seen her, he would have cursed the hour that drew him into his last and final crime, and prayed to die. No man of a manly nature could have passed through such a terrible ordeal.

She went frequently to his cell to see him, but came away always less reconciled than before. Now she saw him poor, desolate and friendless. Every one forsook him. None of his old acquaintances cared where he was, how he fared, or whether he lived or died. She alone remained to him, devoted to the last.

Wild with excitement, she scarcely knew what to do with herself. She walked her apartments by the hour, and finally ended by walking the streets. By the way she traversed the stony walks, one would have thought her almost insane. That flushed cheek, that pale forehead and those white lips, the strangeness of that eye —these told sad tales of what had already been suffered, and what might soon be to come!

She overtook a little girl in the street one day, whose appearance at first sight interested her exceedingly. Stopping to look round in her face, she was struck with its expression; there was something there which she had not been looking to see.

So absorbed became she in the child, who could not have been more than eight or nine years old, that she asked her name, took her gently by the hand, and suffered herself to be led along wherever the child seemed disposed to go. A few steps took them to the door of a modest and humble residence, where the girl went in. Totally without purpose or wish, the despairing lady followed her.

Arrived in the inner room, she found a young looking woman seated at a table engaged in sewing. She was still handsome in her face, but her features betrayed too plainly the lines of deep and silent suffering. She half rose at the unexpected entrance of a stranger, but the latter lifted her hand in protest, and she kept her seat.

"Whose child is that?" said the lady. "Is it yours?"

"Yes," replied the mother, her mind swiftly revolving thoughts of abduction that made her restless in her chair.

"And your name, then, if you please, is—" she went on.

The mother hesitated. But the look of anguish that settled on her visitor's face hastened her determination.

"Mary Pease," was her frank answer.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the stranger and raising both arms above her, knelt at the astonished mother's feet.

When both found themselves in a measure composed, after this sudden excess of emotion, the wife narrated her story. Mary listened, and the tears trickled down her cheeks: for the guilty husband, the father of her own child, was still dear to her heart, from which he had never yet been a complete exile. When, therefore, she came to hear the distracted wife tell of her despair for her husband, and brought herself to think that he might yet be consigned to the state prison for a term of years, her heart refused the prudent counsels offered it by her head, and she declared that whatever she had should be contributed freely to the purposes of his defence against the crime charged upon him. She had not much money, but she begrudged none of it at a time like that.

"O, you are too kind!—you are too generous!" exclaimed the wife. "I cannot repay you!"

"It was once his," was the answer. "I took it from him for—for—you know what. He shall not want for any part of it now."

The interview between these two women was protracted and exciting. When it drew to a close, the wife embraced the unhappy mother with great tenderness, kissed the child, and promised to call again on the ensuing day.

Next day they went together to the prisoner's place of confinement. On entering the room, the overpowered man grew suddenly blind with what he saw, staggered and fell to the floor at their feet. No description of his wretchedness would be at all adequate. He beat his temples with his open hands, tore his hair, begged and begged again to be forgiven of the poor girl he had wronged, and upon whose life he had always since rested that dark shadow, and wondered if Heaven had any more of its judgments in store for him. The three were together an hour. It was a strange meeting, fraught with a deep experience to each one of them.

Mary Pease shortly after found her way to the office of her old friend, Mark Holden, and there laid the whole matter before him. She was not willing to believe the prisoner a downright criminal, and asked to engage the lawyer's services. Well known as a criminal lawyer in the city, he did not hesitate to undertake the poor man s defence; for which services Mary promised to see that he was abundantly paid.

The case was called on. The court-room was filled. Among the rest was the prisoner's wife; she believed in him to the last. Mr. Mark Holden made an effort that was fully worthy of his reputation; and so successful was he in setting forth the extenuating circumstances before the jury, that they finally brought in a verdict of "not guilty." It was a great triumph for him, but a far more joyful event for his anxious client.

Thus was he free; and by the efforts of the same man whose professional abilities had once before been called to bear against him, and through the friendliness of the woman at whose door he had laid a monstrous wrong. God willing, he resolved that the rest of his life should be only a perpetual expiation for his sin. Together with his wife, he vowed to labor in the future for poor Mary Pease as one of his own unworthy household.

A ROYAL LADY.

Our readers will be interested in the following description of the English Princess Royal, Victoria's eldest daughter, from the pen of a correspondent of an American Journal: "With that remembrance, as if it had been yesterday, of the boom of the guns which announced her birth, I was scarcely prepared to find her a fine grown woman, taller by a couple of inches than her mother, and carrying herself with the ease and grace of womanhood. It is no stretch of loyalty nor courtesy to call the Princess Royal pretty—she is perfectly lovely. The regularity of her features is perfect. Her eyes are large and full of intelligence, imparting to her face that sort of poetry expect which imitates good humor. The nose and mouth are delicately and exquisitely formed, the latter giving effect of great sweetness. The princess is more like her father than her mother. She is but a queen in nothing but the nose. In all other respects she is a female image of her father. I should add, as intending to your lady readers, that she wears her hair smartly off her forehead; not pushed back in the Augelic fashion, but brushed latitudinally from the temples, and raised at the sides above the ear in bandeaux (really, the ladies must excuse me if I am talking nonsense, for I have not given that hostage to fortune which would enable me to speak *ex cathedra*). Well, at any rate, the princess is fair enough and lovely enough to be the heroine of a fairy tale, and the Prince Frederic should consider himself a lucky fellow. —*Portfolio.*

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

On one occasion, when Ezekiel was on a visit to his brother in Boston, after risin from a sumptuous dinner, Ezekiel turned to his brother, and said, with great solemnity, "Daniel, do you think we shall live till morning?" "Why? what do you mean?" said Daniel. "Don't you remember," said Ezekiel, "how, when we were boys at a certain time, we had no meat in the house, and could get no corn ground, and our mother fed us on potatoes and milk; and after the first supper going up to bed, you turned around upon the head stair and asked, with great seriousness, 'Ezekiel, do you think we shall live till morning?' 'Why?' said I. 'Only think what stuff we have been eating.'"—*Christian Freeman.*

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A HORSE.

Mr. Israel Abrahams, in the vicinity of this town, has a horse that will of his own accord, pump a sufficiency of water for all the other horses on the farm. We have witnessed him, when turned loose into the barn-yard, go directly to the pump, take the handle between his teeth, and throw the water with as much force, and almost as much regularity as a man would, until he would pump enough for his companions and himself, when he would drink and deliberately retire. No pains were ever taken, or means used, to learn him a business which proves a great accommodation to himself, and relieves his owner of considerable labor.—*Centreville Times.*

Jester's Picnic.

In a carriage case, before the Queen's Bench, Mr. Hawkins had frequently to advert to that description of a vehicle called "broughams," which he pronounced in proper diss'lastic form. Lord Campbell suggested that the word was frequently contracted to "brums," which was just as well known, and the use of which would save a syllable. Nevertheless Mr. Hawkins called it "browm." Presently the argument turned upon coachmakers, and Lord Campbell frequently used the word "coachbuss" to which he gave its due length. "I beg your lordship's pardon," retorted Mr. Hawkins, "but if your lordship will call it 'bus,' you will save two syllables, and make it come intelligible to the witnesses." The learned lord assented to the proposed abbreviation.

A year or so ago there used to be on "our floor" in one of the hotels of this city, a very lady-like, tidy, pretty, Irish chambermaid, whose it is well enough to call home. A grave-seeming, good-looking but grey haired gentleman of fifty odd occupied half and so he sat at his breakfast table one morning, hose came in to brush a little.

"Rose," quoth he, "I've fallen in love with you. Can I venture to hope you will think well of me?"

"Be sure you may, your honor" replied Rose with a twinkle of her bright eyes, "for me father and me mother ever told me to reverence grey hairs all the days of me life."

Rose switched out of the room, and the elderly gentleman went to the barber's.

Lord Bacon tells of his father, Sir Nicholas, that when appointed a judge on the Northern Circuit, He was by one of the musicians mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing he had said did avail, he at length desired he merry no second of his hanged

"Prithee, said My Lord Judge, how came that in?"

"Why, if it please you, my clerk, your name is Bacon and name is Hog, and in all ages Hog and bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated.

"Ay, but, replied Lord Bacon, 'you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not bacon until it is well hanged.'"

Some time since, as a boy was riding a horse to Barnsley fair (England) to sell, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer, who called out, in a consequential tone:

"Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is going to die! Look what a white face he's gettin.'

"Hey," responded the lad, breaking off whistling, "an' you'll have a white face, too, if you looked through a halter as long as it has!"

Doctor Arbuthnot in early life went down into Devonshire to practice as a physician, but the neighborhood was so healthy he could get little or nothing to do. One morning a gentleman met the doctor riding furiously towards Exeter. "Hollo! doctor!" exclaimed the former, "where are you riding to in such a hurry?" "Out of this vile country," cried Arbuthnot, in a rage, "in which a man can neither live nor die!"

At the ——, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified looking individual to his friend as a sculptor.

"What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor! surely, you must be mistaken."

"He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he *chisels* a tailor out of a suit or clothes last week."

A certain poet in Yorkshire, who is very fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who he thought was not speaking to him with respect:

"Do you know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?"

"And, may-hap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they coined."

"Is your land of good quality?" whispered a travelling gentleman, who had lost his voice, to a farmer leaning on his hoe.

"First rate," was the reply; "there is no better land any where—we can raise anything on it."

"I wish, then," continued the old man making a desperate attempt to speak loud, "that you would raise my voice."

An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils once a week through Watts's scripture History, and afterwards asked them such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was. The boy quickly replied, "The flower of Dumblane, sir."

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave officers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed:

"Those who live by the sword a nit die by the sword."

"By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must die by its aw."

Here is a piece of sporting intelligence extraordinary: "The 'preliminary Course' having been put in fine order by the man who 'spends tracts,' the long anticipated contest between the 'Clothes Horse' and the 'Night Mare' will come off soon, under the management of the man who 'took precedence.'"

An Irishman called at a printing office with an advertisement, and like a prudent man, inquired what it would cost. he was informed that for one insertion the price would be =2, subsequent insertions 25 cents each. "An' faith," said he, "then I'll only have two subsequent insertions!"

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?"

"Fshaw, child, what are you talking about?"

"Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

Flunky—"Hallo, William, what's the matter?"

Groom—"Matter! Why, I should like to know what next! Here's master, without saying nothem to me, 'as bin and lent my 'oss to a friend - and I m done out of my afternoon's ride!"

A Yankee accounts for the name of Wall Street, New York, on philosophical principles. He says that when an "out-older," or "green un," gets decoyed into it, he is pretty sure to be driven "to the wall —hence its name, *Wall street.*

"Vat you makes dare?" hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daugh-er, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously.

"O, not much—just courting a little—dat's all."

"Oho! dat's all, eh? I taught you we vighting."

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail. And why do ship-fans have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else? Because they are more likely to *see sickness.*

The man whose feet were in such enormously large that he had to put his pantaloons on over his head, has recently joined the women's rights party, and has wisely determined to wear a shawl.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, gross and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The Flag is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1280 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, "	7 00
8 " "	13 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

Back Nos. of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together, by one person, $4 00 per annum.

*** Traveling agents are not employed on this paper.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Kenny, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts, Cincinnati; J. A. Beck, 63 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis; Samuel Raymond, Louisville, Ky.

Wallace, Agnew & Burr, 26 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

VOL. XI.

[Wri

THE G

SHADOWS ON

A Story

BY F

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOUNTEBANK'S STOR

Mrs. Norman entered her drawing a charming air of frankness and cor smiling upon her visitor with an exp none knew better how to render fas trend.d her hand, and said:

"My young benefactor, I do not k thank you for this kind visit. You me under an obligation that I can n and if my life were prolonged to limit, I am sure I could never do enou my gratitude."

Milford blushed as he disclaimed the service he had rendered. He the lady if she had perfectly recovere effects of the accident.

"Perfectly, I thank you. Indeed feel better than ever—as if I had de stock of vitality from the very in losing all."

After a casual rejoinder, Milford some embarrassment:

"I have come, madam, on a beggi

"Indeed, sir! Well, you have n tray it" said the widow. "I shall be to do anything in my power to serv deed, I am almost selfish enough t glad that you are a little—a very little (I don't want you to suffer too much) gives me the opportunity of aiding perhaps a feeling of this sort that jus foucauld's saying, that there is some distresses of our best friends that is n er unpleasant to us."

"It is not for myself that I seek aid replied Milford, with a slight blush as the advocate of another's cause. ded to make my own way in the unfortunately, at present, not able to the luxury of assisting others."

He then related Irene's accident about the poverty of her father—the a long and expensive illness, and sev cumstances as occurred to him; and and lovely listener, whose heart ha dered by the fiend of gold, who could a sinless child from its heritage, bow head and wept tears of sympathy, whic on an embroidered and perfumed ha that cost a sum which would have s poor family for six months.

Milford ended by saying:

"I see, madam, that I have nothing add—but that your own good heart w what you had best do."

"You have judged me rightly, sir, lady, rising. "and I will pray you to a moment, while I order my carria range my dress to accompany you dence of this poor girl and her father

With a low and graceful courtesy, apartment.

Milford glanced around him. He such magnificence as that which now him, but he had never dreamed of s ized. The high arched ceiling, with i ornaments, the carved and gilded rich carpeting under foot, the superi mirrors that almost lined the walls, satin drapery, mingled profusely wi fell from roof to floor, the superb ori Louis XIV tables, loaded with a ch and dainty ornaments, the carved graceful statues that stood in nich chandeliers whose pendents sent forth rays of light, combined and arranged with taste, made up such a picture of lu rarely equalled. Yet strange to say impress the young man with a sense While they satisfied his artistic love of ful, he was not dazzled or daunted felt that if in tailed at once in the su rroundings, he should not feel out

He had hardly completed his rapid the apartment when the mistress of th turned, wearing a bonnet and shaw for a drive.

The young man escorted her to t